



SICK

30¢

PBC



In this issue:

Special Bonus

FULL-COLOR
GLOSSY INSERT

**GENUINE
HOT-ROD
DECORATING
KIT**

Why should I wear
'em? I work behind
a tall desk.



Next Issue:

SICK

No. 57



Volume 8, No. 1
December, 1967

SICK Correspondents in

HIPPIELAND

FROM HAIGHT ASHBURY TO THE EAST VILLAGE



SICK-NIFICANT NEWS OF THE MONTH

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One girl in Omaha wrote she was desperate to hear from somebody and enclosed her phone number, a six-digit figure. We decided to dial her number. To show how desperate she was, she picked up the receiver after the fourth digit! 44

Joe Simon, Editor...

Fred Wolfe, Associate Editor

Paul Laikin, New York Correspondent ... Jim Atkins, Washington Correspondent

Bob Powell, Art Director ... Melissa Jane, Messages

James Richard, Campus

Jack Scott, West Coast

Angelo Torres, Pa

Lynn Lichty, Ohio

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Moscow

Calvin Castine,

Champlain

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Travel Section

A VISIT TO NEW YORK'S POTHOLE

The average time to cross New York's midtown, river to river, walking is 20 minutes. By car it takes a half hour longer.

Visitors are stunned by the Big Town's streets. There's one pothole so big on 57th Street, that tourists come from miles around to throw coins in and make wishes.

There's a fire hydrant on Sixth Avenue that's been written up in travel magazines. It's called Old Faithful. It erupts every 47 minutes.

While all this is going on, traffic backs up for blocks and blocks, lunches go bad, marriages break up and kids leave home. What's behind this?

Sick's smart team of newsmen visited a typical midtown street to get the story.

Now men, it's hot out here today and I'm late for my pachanga lessons at the country club, so let's get hustling.

I notice a few newcomers in the crowd—You men have been sent over to replace the four diggers we lost yesterday in that chasm on 47th Street. So let me explain what we're doing here.

We're repairing the streets. Got that? Repairing. Good. That's in case anyone asks. What we do, of course, is to tear the heck out of the streets to keep the traffic from moving crosstown.



Art by Bob Powell

Script by Bill Majeski

I think I should mention here the Granddaddy of Potholers. Old Scoop Sebastian. His most famous pothole—Big Canyon—is credited with 40 axle kills and 5 probables. It's up on 53rd Street. And 54th Street.

There's a picture of it in our locker rooms. Scoop autographed it with his drill.

After you knock off tonight I want you to go down to 39th Street and peek at the pothole he did in the shape of a pedestrian. I was there that wondrous day when that pothole trapped a guy speeding by on a motorcyclist. The bike stuck and the driver kept going. I'll never forget the surprised expression on that cat's face when he hurtled by me. And I was down two blocks.

Well, Scoop's gone now. He hung up his electric hammer and they retired his undershirt, never to be worn again by another drill jockey. But there's no reason why all you guys can't become Sebastians.



Lots of motorists ain't paying attention to the sales in the windows and are whizzing right by. Plenty of good money is being lost to Jersey. So we *repair* the streets to keep traffic here.

Potholes are our bread and butter, so let's talk about them. Make potholes any size you like. Just so they are artfully concealed and the drivers don't see them until it's too late. Make 'em deep enough to break an axle or bust a spring.

We get six bucks an axle and a buck a spring, so let's dig with money in mind.



What's that? You want to make a pothole shaped like what? Well, some psychiatrist might say there are symbolic overtones to that, but it's okay with me if it gets the job done.



Now, I don't want to belabor the money angle, but the more cars idle the more gas they waste and we get a bigger rakeoff...er...bonus. So when you come to work, park your cars zig-zag and set up sort of an unofficial barricade to slow them to a crawl.

I am proud to say that I headed the crew last year that did a great jamming job. One clown gets in his Caddy on First Avenue and tried 53rd Street at noontime. So effective was our work, he had to fill up his tank again at Ninth Avenue. I mean we jammed him. He had to take three meals in his car. They fed him intravenously, with a tube forced into his air vent.



Oh, I see it's lunchtime, fellow, have to go. Grab a sandwich and soda and sprawl out there in the middle of the street. That'll get 'em.

Oh yes, when you're done, remember to smash the bottles in the street... we have some friends in the tire game, too.





I prayed for Sick after I read issue No. 54. In your advertising section, I saw an ad for "Acidine." It's supposed to stop the itch in male parts. As every male knows (and I being a male) that the body has several places which itch. I went to my chemist for Acidine and he almost kicked me out of his shop when I told him what it was for. I then took my aching, itching self to our druggist, the local peddler of marijuana and other goodies. I told him about Acidine while scratching myself. He said that it was a good product but never heard of it. So will you please tell me where to find this wonder cream before I itch or scratch myself to death?

Jose Machodo
Pretoria, South Africa

Ed: No.

I would like you to know that we down here in Hillbilly country think your pitcher-book is pretty interesting. Especially them there parts of the book that has little straight, round, and catty-cornered lines all over the page instead of pitchers. I was tickled pink to see the little lines. I hope you all never quit work because if you did, I wouldn't have a reason to swipe some of paw's freshly stilled liquor.

Best of luck to you all or as my great-grandpa used to say, "If the wind is in front of you, and the sun is in back of you, you better go sideways because a windburn is about as bad as a sunburn."

Fucci Mae LLDacratt
Stump Hollow, Tenn.

Ed: Good advice.

Are you sick of getting lousy advice from "Dear Abbey?" If so, write to "Dear Randy" and get some good advice. Guaranteed to help all shy girls to overcome their inferiority complexes. In fact, everybody who is reading this mag. should consult me for advice (free). People who read this

mag. are "sick." Dump a stamp in with your problem sheet. Non-quack advice-givers like me are underpaid so we can't afford stamps. Send problems, no parents please.

Dear Randy
6943 E. Hayne
Tucson, Arizona 85710

Ed: But our parents are our problem.

I enjoy reading your magazine very much. I buy a copy every chance I get. I am interested in writing to a pen pal. I am a 33 year old divorcee who has a 12 year old son. I work in a dress factory at Purcell, Oklahoma. I am a 5'5" brunette weighing in at 135 pounds.

Irma Beauer
P.O. Box 90
Lexington, Okla.

Ed: Have you ever thought of writing to "Dear Randy?"

I deposit every pop bottle that I can find to get 30¢ to buy Sick. I even like it better than Cuckoo and Cuckoo. I lay on the davenport and read if for hours. I laugh and laugh so much that I roll off the davenport. Keep up the good work.

I want a girl, 13 to 15, any color hair, long or short, very good looking, good personality. I would like girls from Michigan but they don't have to be. Send pictures. I enjoy roller-skating, bowling, and basketball. I am 6'3", age 14, weight 165, blue eyes, blond hair and good looking. Will answer all letters. So if you fill the bill stop standing around the drug-store looking at the magazine. Buy it and go home and send me a letter.

Joe Lawry
1069 W. Downey Ave.
Flint, Mich. 48505

Ed: Good salesmanship, Joe.

You got it all wrong. The deal on Page 4 of Sept. Sick wasn't a Hippies' Handbook of Square Old Proverbs. Besides that very gross thing, the rest of the Psychedelic Scene was really O.K. because No. 1 hasn't done anything on it yet.

Wanted: Somebody who loves me, knows address of New American Church, likes steamboating, and likes to dance in the rain to write to me. I'm something like 5'8" low, black hair, brown eyes, and I'm beautiful.

Grimly Bryant
702 N. Park
Streator, Ill. 61364

Ed: And modest.



I find no humor in stupidity or ignorance, but in the September, 1967, issue there was an exception: "The Absent Minded Answers" of the Unintentional Humor Department. I laughed till my sides ached.

I'm a so-called "hic" from Canada. What is with the anti-Canada caper in all editions of Sick? "What did we do wrong already" as quoted from Trevor Blargreaves pertaining to only Australia. How about signing a peace treaty with Canada and attacking England for a change?

Nick Bardad
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Ed: Again?

I want to compliment Bob Taylor on his great job on the front cover of issue No. 53. I really dig the face on that cat—like he was out with the boys for a week and drank nothing but 100% booze. The stories in that issue were also very good.

Timmy O'Donohue
New York, N.Y.

Ed: The cat on the cover wrote them under the influence of 100% booze.

I am a U.S. Marine stationed in Cuba at the present. I read each and every issue of Sick that comes out. I would appreciate if you would help me find a pen pal, girl if possible. She should be between 17-20, blonde, brunette, or redhead, good figure, and personality. I am 6'1", age 20, weight 170, light blue eyes, dark brown hair and I like to do anything that is fun to do.

Cpl. David Antepara 2134388
Marine Barracks Box 32B
F.P.O. New York, N.Y. 09593

Ed: Who doesn't?



When you gave me the answer a few issues back about "how many other Hamiltons are there," that was the funniest retort I have heard in many a moon—"there is always good old George Hamilton—" Poor George.

Don Legere
Hamilton, Ont., Canada

Ed: Twice is enough for a crummy joke like that.

I think Sick Inventions are great. Put more in. I have a good idea. Have your sick inventors invent a bullet-proof Sick Magazine. If guys who don't like Sick rush in with a gun, your editors will need it.

Michael Szuke
Mine Hill, N.J.

Ed: If guys who don't like Sick rushed in with a gun, it would be a major invasion.

Your artist, Thumbtack, writes some of the funniest and most original cartoons ever seen. Any chance of putting out an annual of his work?

By the way, anyone interested in a game of chess through the mail please write to Mike Sexton, 91 Parks Road, Denville, N.J. 07834.

Mike

Ed: Thumbtack, while playing a game of chess by mail, sat on a stamp and hasn't been able to get to his drawing board.

In No. 54 issue, what is the girl's name on "How to Swim?" I tried the Sneaky-guy stroke—it didn't work.

Lonnie Freyburger
Artesia, New Mexico

Ed: You've got to be in the water.

NEXT ISSUE: SICK Correspondents in

HIPPIELAND

FROM HAIGHT ASHBURY TO THE EAST VILLAGE

TRENDS

There are mini-skirts, bikinis, slim T.V. sets and tiny transistor radios—everything seems to be getting smaller or thinner! SICK magazine, always the champion of common sense, believes it is now the time to swing the pendulum back. There are many advantages in the big, the fat, the wide and the bulky! SICK's slogan for this proposed change is:

MAXI! Not Mini!

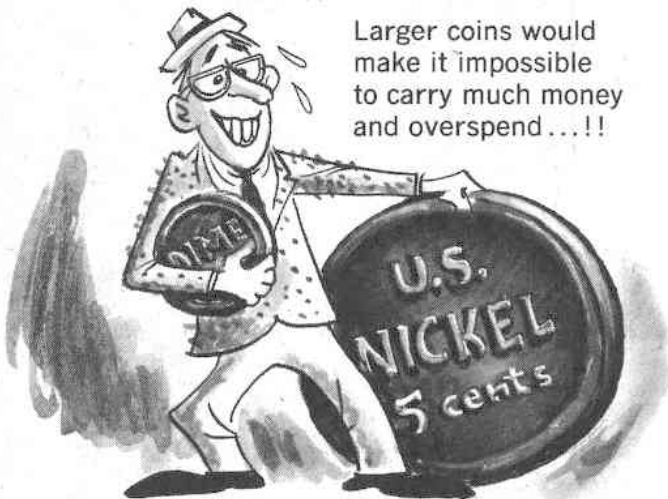
Real wide ties would eliminate the need for napkins and keep the chest warm...



Giant transistor radios could not be carried around, playing rock and roll...



Larger coins would make it impossible to carry much money and overspend....!!



The heck with narrow, small-brimmed hats! Big, wide ones would act as umbrellas and exercise skinny, under-developed necks. And reduce fat ones!

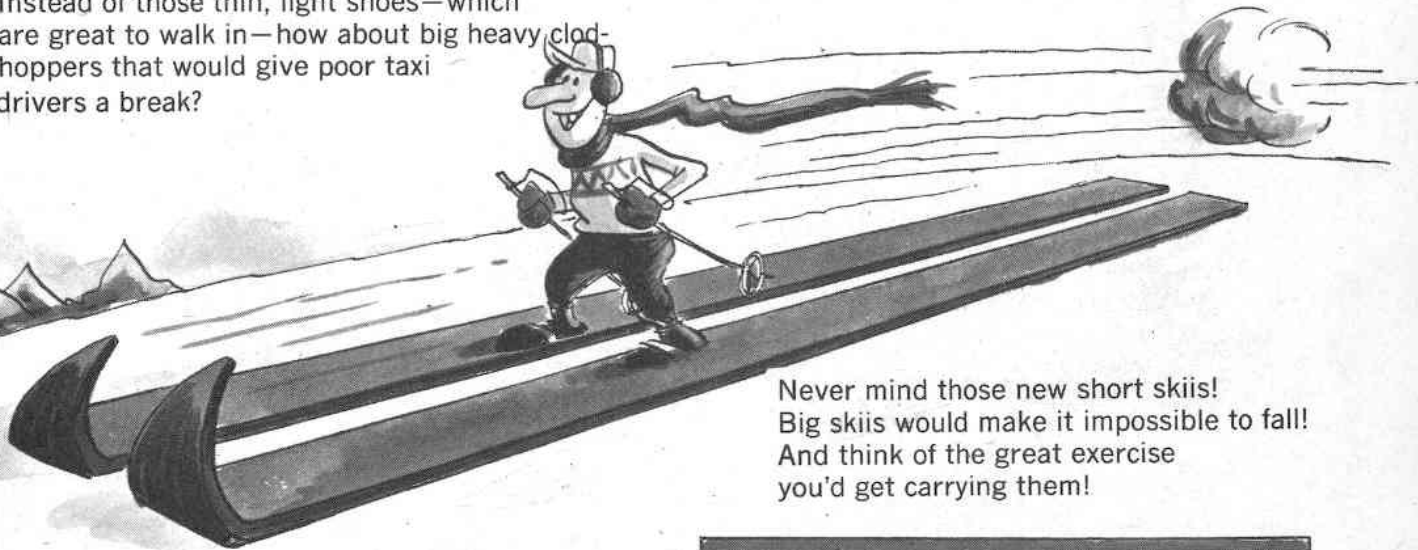
Wholesome, long, full bathing suits would save a girl a fortune in sun-tan oil!





Instead of those thin, light shoes—which are great to walk in—how about big heavy clodhoppers that would give poor taxi drivers a break?

Plastic surgery should make noses LONGER! A nice, big nose would make it so much easier to carry a handbag!



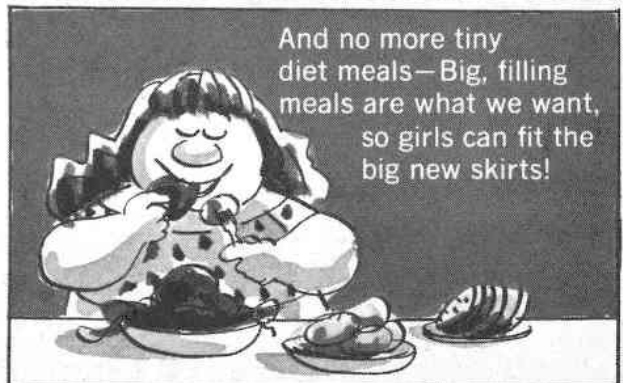
Never mind those new short skiis! Big skiis would make it impossible to fall! And think of the great exercise you'd get carrying them!



Bigger, more powerful revolvers would be much better than those little snub-nosed things—Most bad guys are weak...



Forget mini-skirts! Big, billowing ones, which would hide fat legs—that's what we really need!

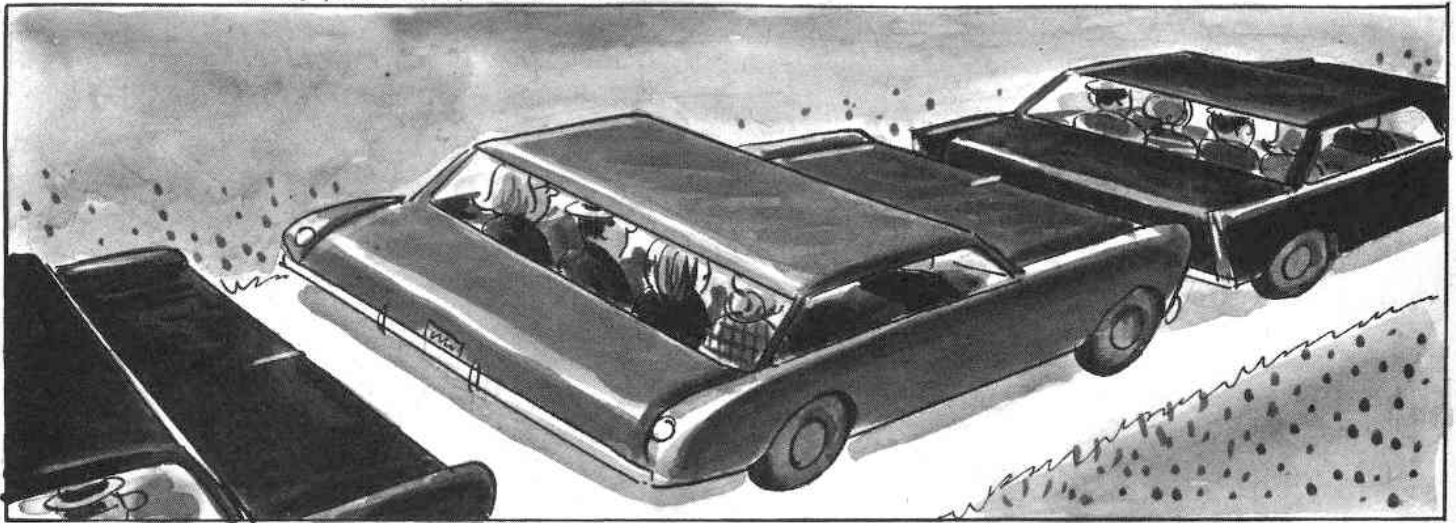


And no more tiny diet meals—Big, filling meals are what we want, so girls can fit the big new skirts!



Ignore those new slim telephones! Monster phones would reduce bills. How long could a teen-ager hold a ninety pound telephone, hmmm?

Four-foot hairbrushes would encourage little boys to comb their hair...



And wider cars would eliminate the dangers of passing, and the need for busses!

Bigger baseball bats would encourage teamwork...



Portable T.V. sets which weigh three hundred pounds would frustrate any would be crook! So, think: FAT! BIG! WIDER! BROADER!—as WE do!

B. Wisconsin



Okay, okay! **You've**
got fewer cavities

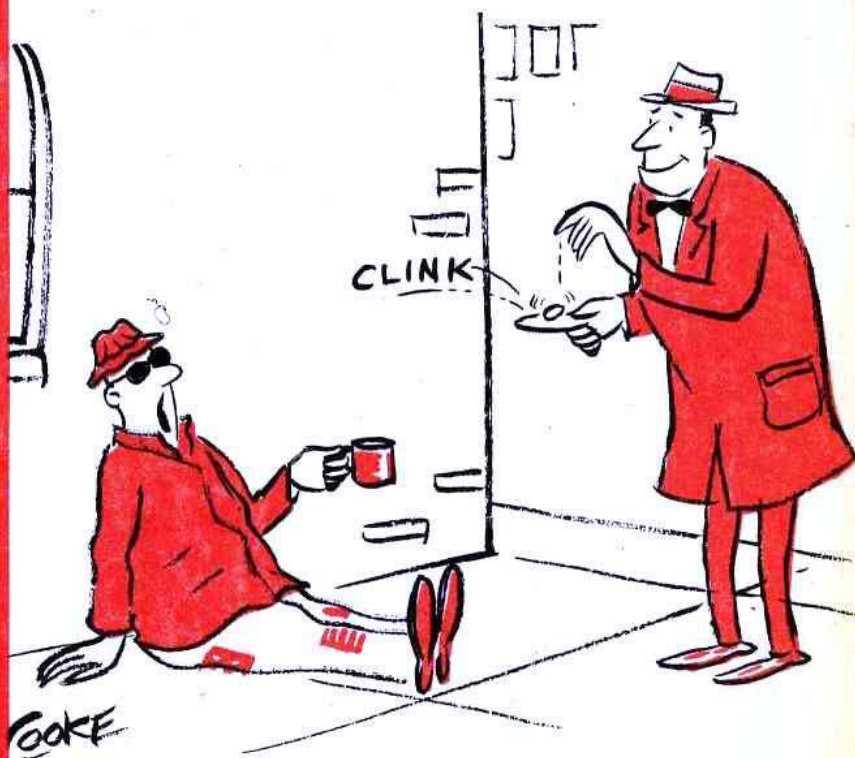
Revolting
Humor
dept.



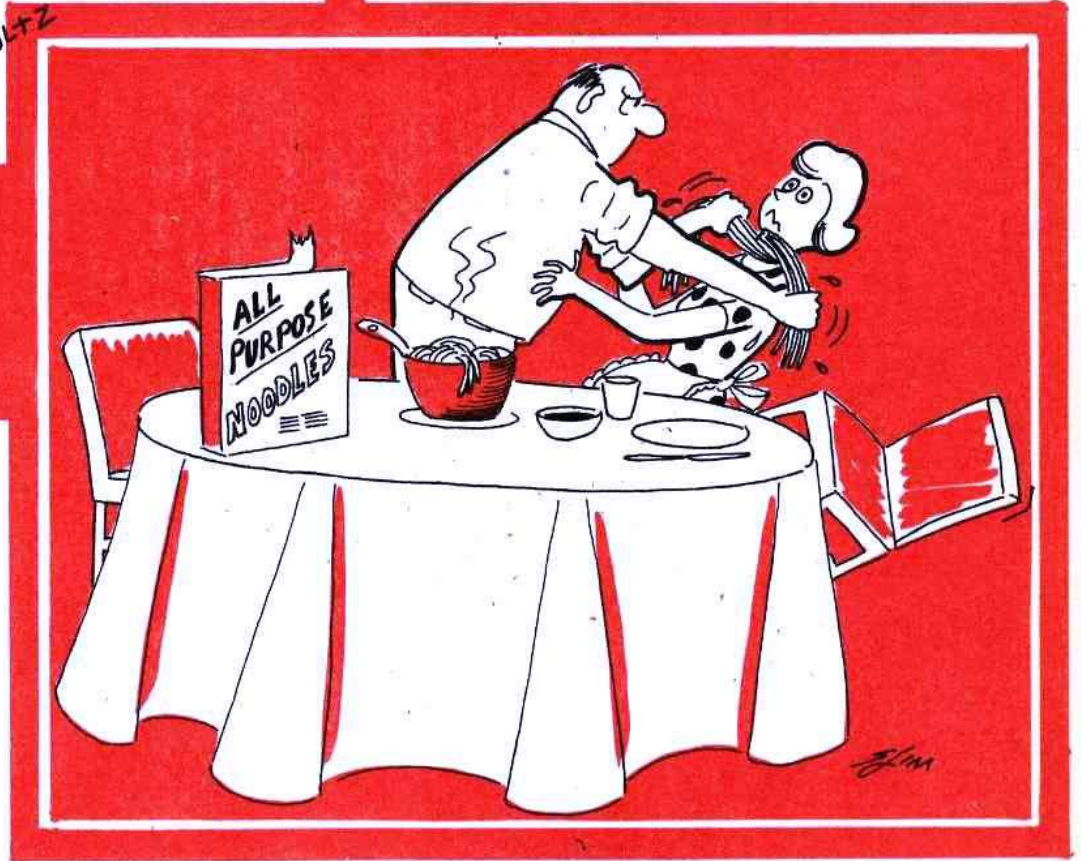
SICK Illustrated



"What's so funny about that?"



"Thank you."



SICKNIFICANT NEWS OF THE MONTH

THE NATION: POLICE USE MOVIES TO BOOK DRUNK DRIVERS

Recently police officers at the precinct houses in several states have begun taking movies of people arrested for drunken driving to be used as evidence in court.

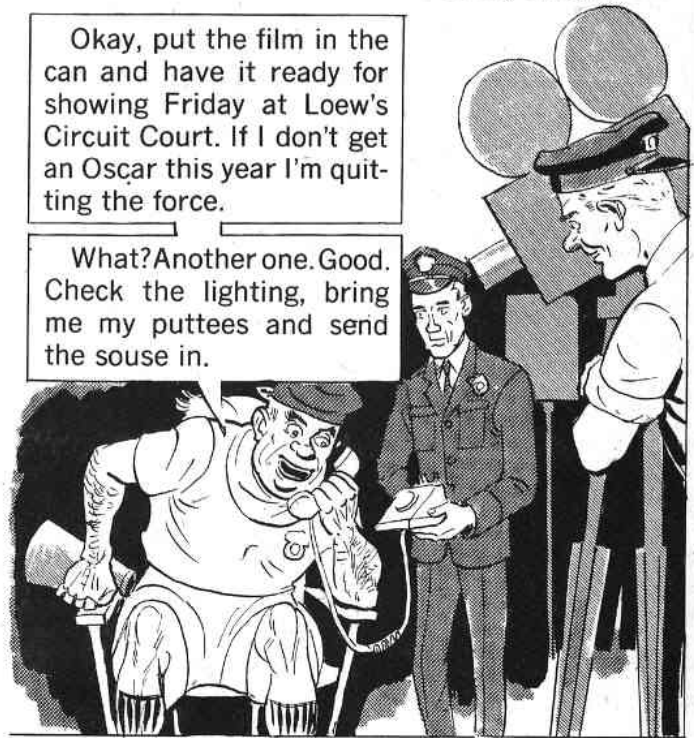
We can imagine that occasionally you'll find a sergeant who figures he's an undiscovered Otto Preminger and goes about his duties this way:

Script by Bill Majeski

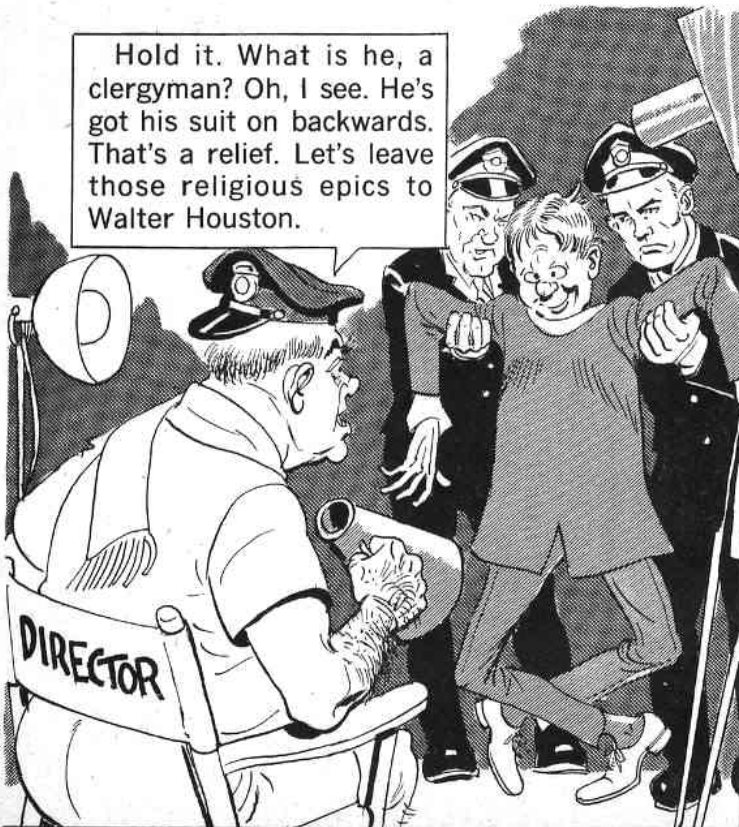
Art by Al Bare

Okay, put the film in the can and have it ready for showing Friday at Loew's Circuit Court. If I don't get an Oscar this year I'm quitting the force.

What? Another one. Good. Check the lighting, bring me my puttees and send the souse in.

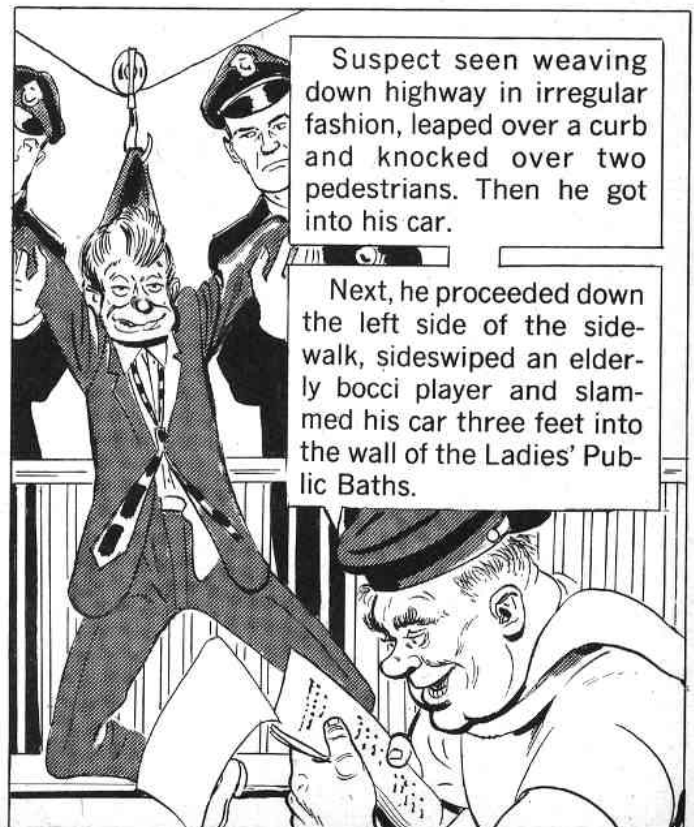


Hold it. What is he, a clergyman? Oh, I see. He's got his suit on backwards. That's a relief. Let's leave those religious epics to Walter Houston.



Suspect seen weaving down highway in irregular fashion, leaped over a curb and knocked over two pedestrians. Then he got into his car.

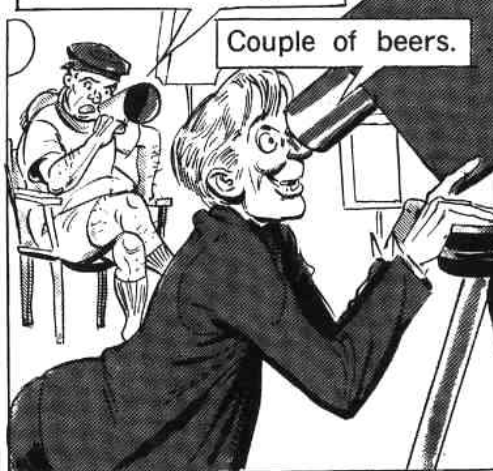
Next, he proceeded down the left side of the sidewalk, sideswiped an elderly bocci player and slammed his car three feet into the wall of the Ladies' Public Baths.



Too bad we couldn't get any shots from inside the place. Might hypo up the film with a little old sex appeal. Okay...let's roll 'em.



Edward Long, stand up. We're going to ask you a few questions. First, how long have you been drinking?



Couple of beers.

Short beers or long beers?

Long beers.

How long?

About two hours.

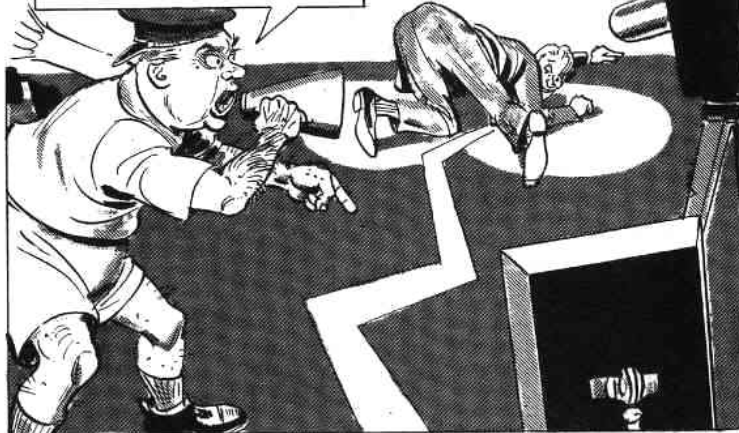


Okay, now stand on one foot and jump up and down.

No...not on my foot, stupid!



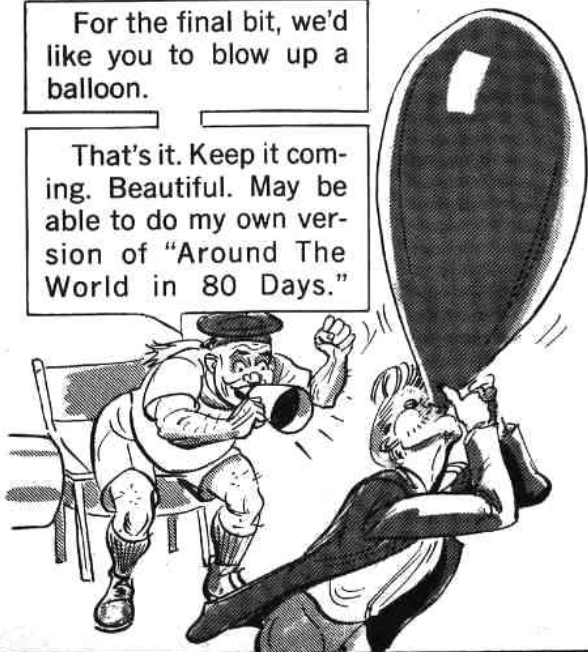
Now, see that white line? Go as straight as you can from one side of the room to the other.



Great! Now get up off your knees and try it.

For the final bit, we'd like you to blow up a balloon.

That's it. Keep it coming. Beautiful. May be able to do my own version of "Around The World in 80 Days."



Where did that clown go? Oh, well, that's show business.



Everyone on the set early tomorrow. The saloons close at midnight.



SICKNIFICANT NEWS OF THE MONTH

Africa: PRIME MINISTER YACHIMA KENARUNY ZIPDOOLER RETURNS

Africa, for months the only continent without a real war to its name is back in the news. They've managed to get a war going. One of the features is the return to power in the tiny country of Canoebarksville of Prime Minister Yachima Kenaruny Zipadooler, famed head-hunter and beard teaser.

Always on the alert for newsbreaks, Sick's famed African correspondent, Jack African, was on the scene for an exclusive interview with Yachima Kenaruny, etc....

We're here in Canoebarksville, known to tourists as Cannibal-land South, and we have Prime Minister Yachima Kenaruny Zipadooler on hand.

Put down the knife and fork, please, Yach, you make me nervous.

Sorry. Old habits are hard to break. Especially old habits that kept me alive during the lean years.



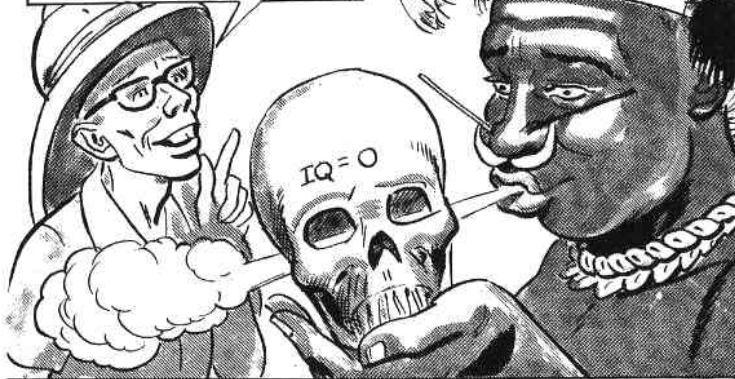
Now is it true that before you were sent to prison you were a Mau Mau terrorist?

Yes. But I never met a Mau Mau I didn't like. A little strong-willed at times, but you know, cannibals will be cannibals, they say.



I've heard that. From three cannibals. The New York newspapers recently stated that part of your ritual was to kill enemies and remove their brains. True or false?

True. When we pick someone's brains, we PICK someone's brains.



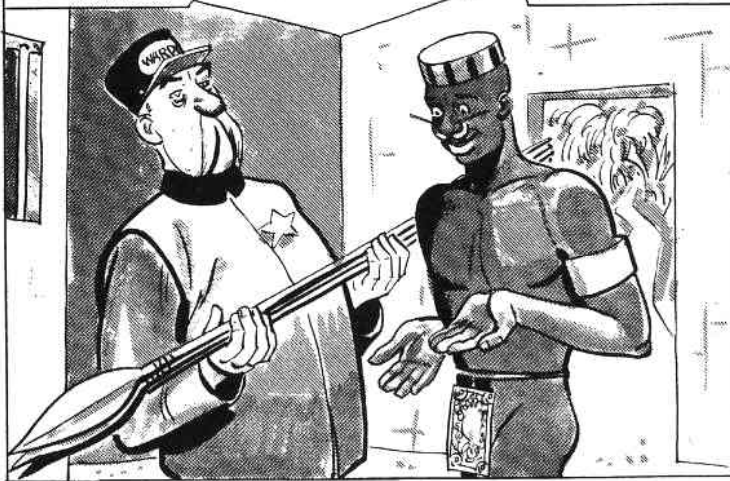
Seems a little crude.

Nonsense. We pick brains democratically, without regard to race, creed or color. We've picked all races, including Chinese. But you know how it is with Chinese...



Hold it. You're not going to give me that chestnut about a half hour after you eat a Chinese you get hungry again and feel like another one?

Old stuff, huh? Well, I've been away a long time. Seven years in jail. When I left they gave me 10 dollars and a new set of spears.



When you led the nationalist Mau Maus on those raids, you tried to drive the colonists out of Canoebarksville, isn't that right?


True. But I couldn't get a driver's license from the Hack Bureau. They caught me three times carrying unauthorized passengers.



Where?

In my stomach.





And that's just one
reason you can't beat
"Japan Air Lines."

movie spoof


by Bill Majeski

Barefoot in the Park

Barefoot in the Park, contrary to the title, is not a picture about nudists. It has often been confused with Goldilocks and the Three Bares. But that's not about nudists either. The Naked and the Dead. **That's** about nudists.

This film was based on the play of the same title by Neil Simon. Neil also wrote the screenplay. He also wrote other plays like Come Blow Your Horn, Star Spangled Girl, Odd Couple and the book for Sweet Charity. It is rumored that there was going to be a play on Broadway that Neil Simon **didn't** write, but that was proved to be untrue.

This picture was filmed in New York under Mayor Lindsay's new open skies plan to lure filmmakers to New York. The crew appreciated the cooperation of city officials and police but admitted they lost 576 man hours of work because of muggings. Also, petty theft cost them a hunk of dough — somebody stole Jane Fonda.



I think I'm going to have a baby.

Wait till we get home.

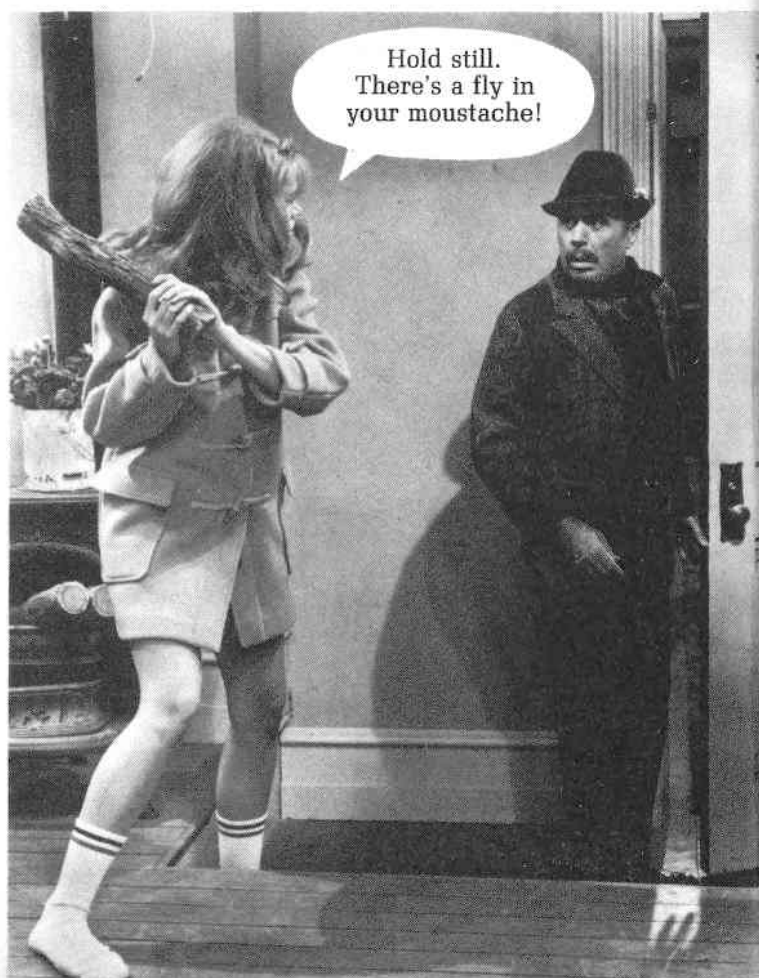
Robert Redford (he's the one holding the case) is a lawyer who sometimes goes to court without his briefs. However, the picture was still called *Barefoot in the Park*. Jane Fonda (she's the one holding the lawyer) plays his wife, a beatnik-type who took Non-Conformity Lessons at City College. The boots she's wearing are mementos of a recent whip festival in New Jersey.

Because his law practice is new, Redford can only afford a top-floor five-flight-up flat in Greenwich Village. It's the only apartment in town with hot and cold running rats. Redford is upset because this is the first time his mother (Mildred Natwick) has been up to the place since he married. The mother is upset because she's tired from carrying Redford up those five flights.

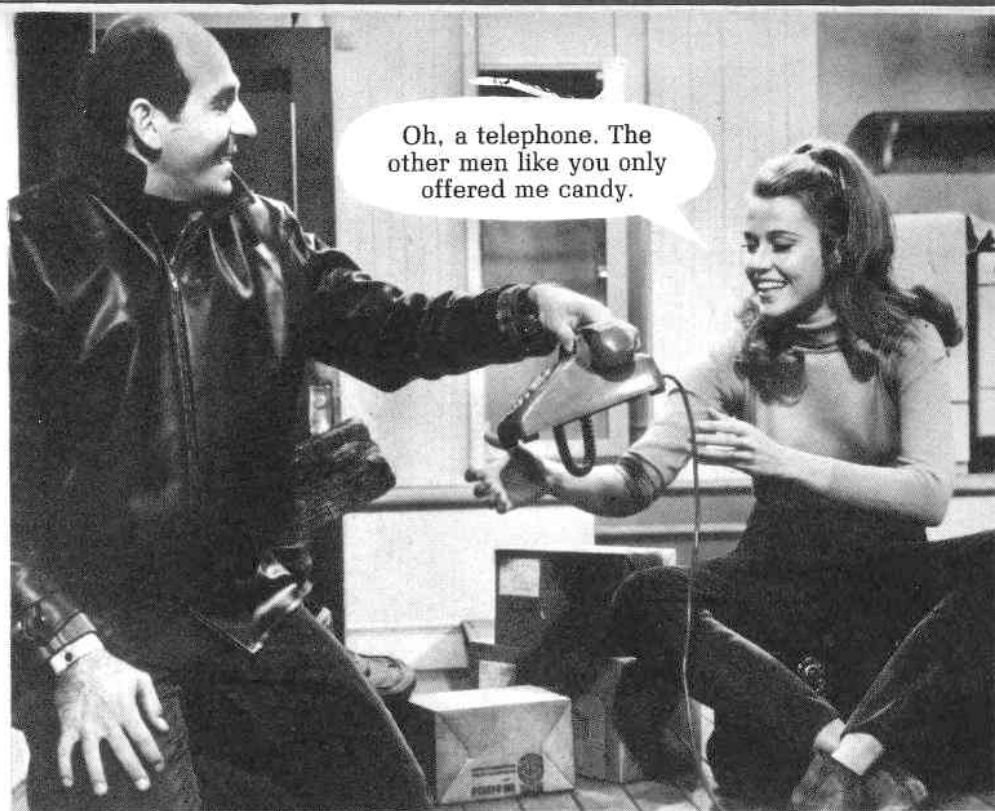
The wedding ceremony was fun, but now comes the hard part — living together. The reception started off wrong because they had a bashful baker. He put the bride and groom on separate cakes. Like all comedies about honeymooners, the bride has trouble cooking. But she's silent about it. In the kitchen it's so quiet you can hear a biscuit drop. Their marriage featured a whirlwind courtship. He beat her over the head with a mink coat.



The fellow hiding behind the moustache is none other than the Gallic charmer, Charles Boyer. He's hiding because his last three pictures were weak and he's trying to pass himself off as Leo Carillo. However, Jane isn't fooled. She steps into the batter's box, hoists her 30-inch log (a Smokey-The-Bear autographed model) and prepares to separate the men from the Boyer. She ended up with a Texas Leaguer. She blasted his head into Forth Worth.



Jane gets a princess phone for her very own. Jane's lines are always busy (especially when she's wearing slacks) but her husband never complains. Notice that Jane has decorated the place in Early Hippie? She is married, but conformity is not going to ruin her. It's perfectly all right for the phone man to be in the apartment. He's a friend of the family—the Jukes family. Besides, his line went dead years ago. He wears that leather jacket as a cover-up. It's covering up a motorcycle which he keeps strapped to him at all times.



Oh, a telephone. The other men like you only offered me candy.

Charles Boyer, a laughing roue (French for Nasty Old Man) follows Jane holding two glasses of booze. Well, he always could hold his liquor. Charles is a neighbor who has some strange habits. For example, he whistles when he brushes his teeth—which he holds firmly in his right hand. A few seconds later, Jane popped the champagne bottle cork which blew Boyer's toupee right off the screen. Fortunately it was trapped by an alert policeman and sent to a game farm in upstate New York.



See? I'm imitating the Leaning Tower of Pisa. My mother can do the Roman Coliseum.

For her it's easy. She's one of the oldest ruins I know.

What pretty eyes you have!

You can't see my eyes.

I know, but that line always worked in my other pictures.



Well, Boyer escaped unscathed and joined the French Foreign legion to forget. Then he forgot what he wanted to forget and suffered hoof-and-mouth disease. He was kicked in the jaw by a camel. Redford meanwhile has become a successful lawyer defending 27 blind pickpockets at a union meeting. Beatnik Jane no longer thinks he's a dull, ordinary, run-of-the-mill barrister for two very good reasons. Money and more money. The picture ends dramatically when Redford agrees to defend Sacco and Vanzetti, two defrocked Good Humor men accused of selling Eskimo pies to African pygmies.

AFTER DRAFT CARD BURNING, WHAT?

The burning of draft cards in protest against war is still making headlines all over the country. If this publicity continues, we may soon see

Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Bob Taylor

CHILDREN BURNING THEIR REPORT CARDS



This would be a protest against the shocking conditions in our schools today. Violence is commonplace. In a New York City public school recently, one of the vicious gangs broke all the windows, set fire to the auditorium and beat up the Principal. Worst part is, this was a gang of **teachers**—not pupils!

STUDENTS BURNING THEIR LIBRARY CARDS



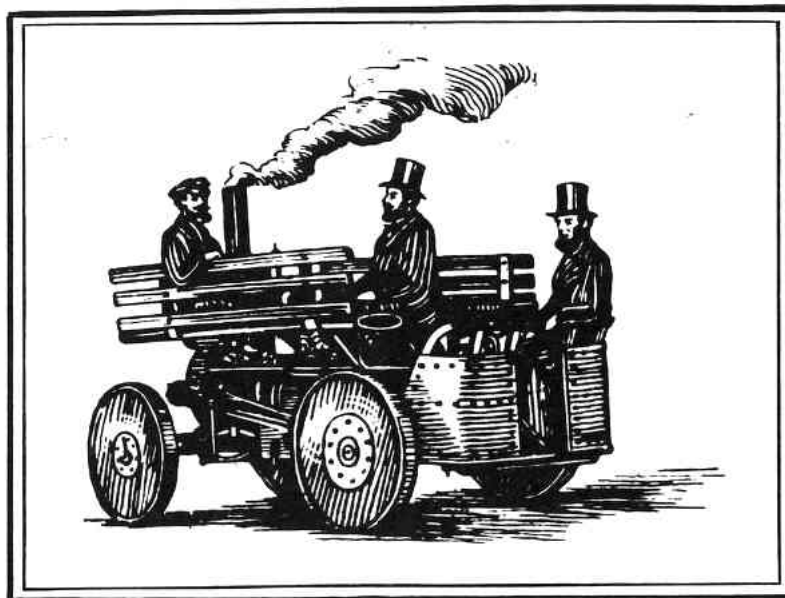
This is a protest against the no-talking policy in libraries, a policy which is in direct violation of free speech. To show you how ridiculous this policy has become, one student got up in a Denver library recently, said only one word, and was immediately trampled to death by the librarians. The word he said was "**Fire!**"

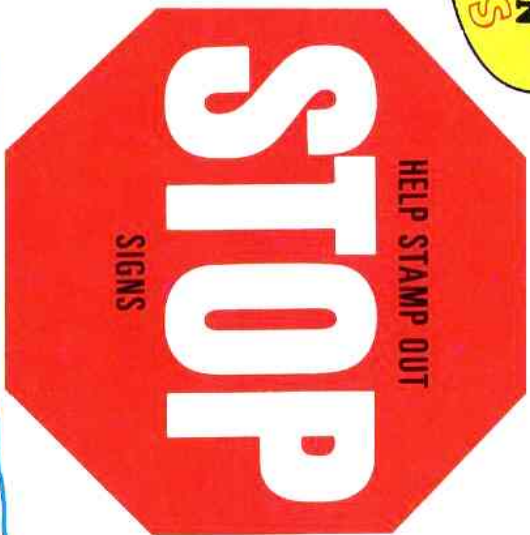
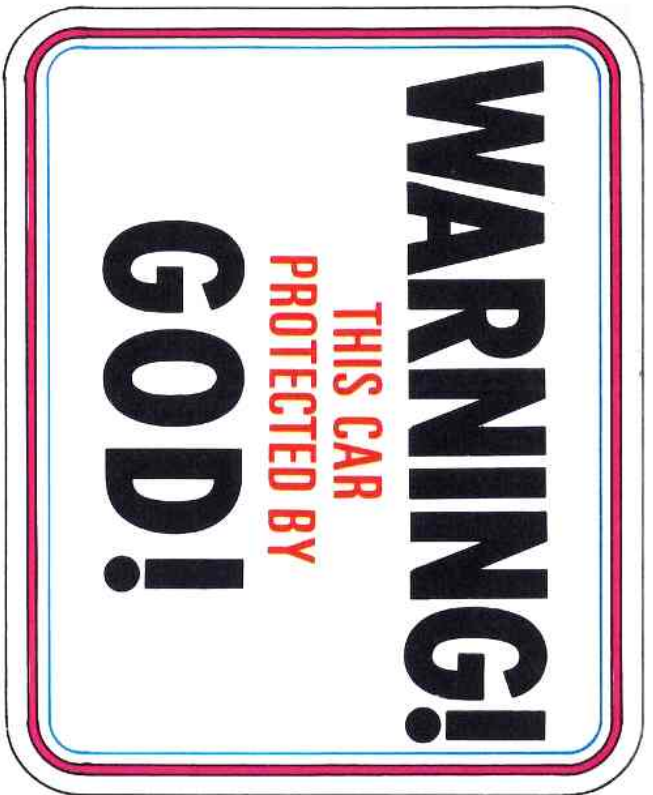
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**BUY SEVERAL ISSUES--MAKE YOUR
FRIENDS HAPPY--MAKE US RICH!**

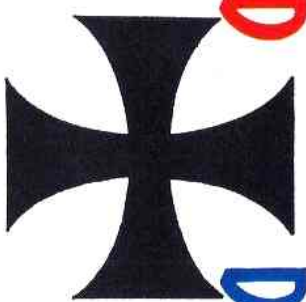




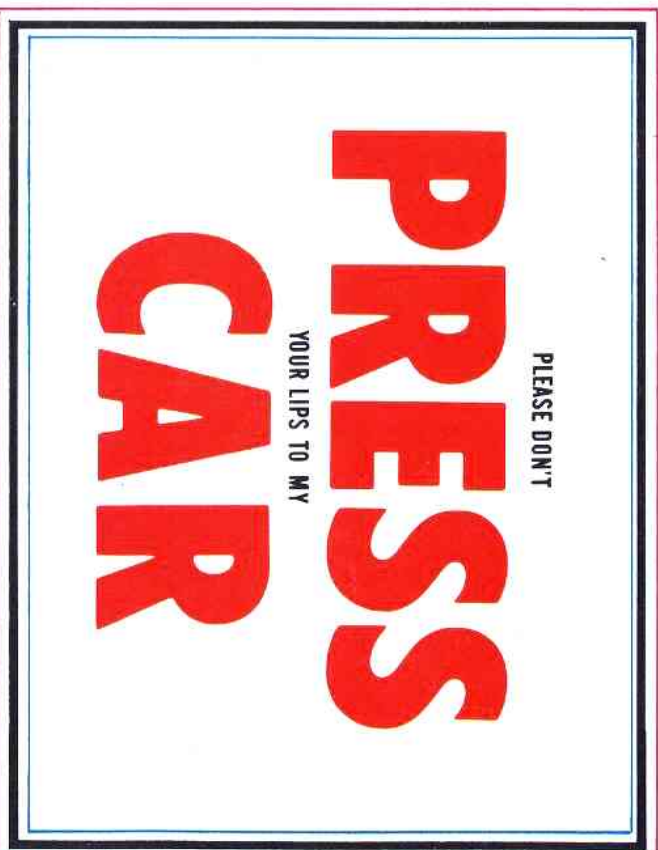
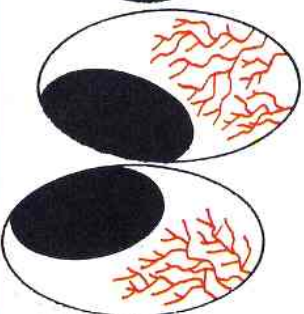
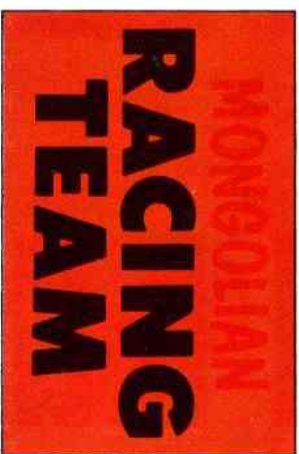
**SEND KING KONG
AFTER THE VIET CONG**

A yellow rectangular sign with a black border. The text is in a bold, black, sans-serif font, arranged in two lines.

DECORATE THE FAMILY CAR OR YOUR OWN HOT-ROD!
GENUINE HOT-ROD
DECORATIONS



The
PROFESSOR



MOTORISTS BURNING THEIR DRIVERS LICENSES



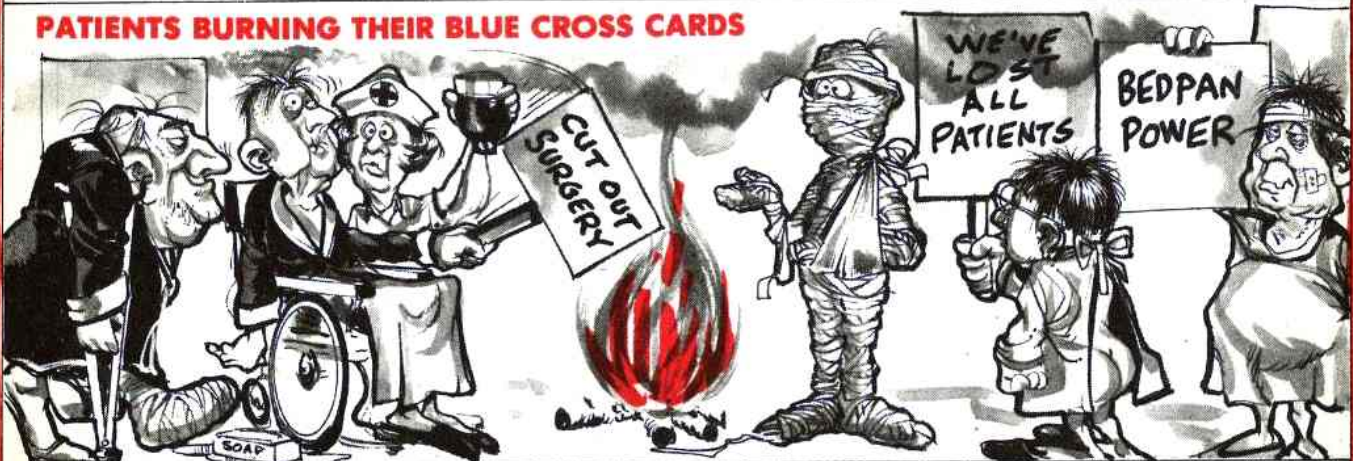
A protest against the problems of parking. In Chicago, the only way to get a space is to buy a parked car. In New York, the only way to get crosstown is to be born there. And in California, where space is ample, it's the pedestrian problem. One motorist knocked down a man, then leaned out the window and shouted, "Look out!" To which the man turned and asked, "Why? ... You're coming back?"

CHURCHGOERS BURNING THEIR BINGO CARDS



This is a protest against gambling in all forms, that is so widespread today. In Las Vegas they even have slot machines in the men's rooms. This isn't so terrible, but **women** come in to play! Gambling can only exist because of police graft and corruption. A recent poll of Chicago teenagers revealed that 9 out of 10 were amazed to hear that cops were paid by the city!

PATIENTS BURNING THEIR BLUE CROSS CARDS



Here we have a protest against the shocking conditions in hospitals, mainly the rising costs of treatment. A hospital in Detroit charges \$187 a day. This doesn't seem so exorbitant, until you realize it's for the Waiting Room! And the food is just as bad. One lady patient kept complaining that the food tasted terrible. And she was getting it intravenously!

VETERANS BURNING THEIR DISCHARGE PAPERS



This act protests the fact that veterans benefits are too slow in coming. One veteran recently got his disability check after a long wait. He was a Civil War veteran! Another tried to get into a VA Hospital and was told there was a three-year wait. This wasn't so bad, but he was a VA doctor—not a patient!

WOMEN BURNING THEIR MAH JONGG CARDS



Here we have a protest against the discriminating of women, especially by employers. One employment agency in the midwest was picketed because of its rigid policy not to hire women. After female pickets smashed the building down, they changed the policy and hired females. Only it does look a little peculiar since this was an agency specializing in men's room attendants.

OLD PEOPLE BURNING THEIR SOCIAL SECURITY CARDS



This protest is aimed at the unfair treatment of old people in our society. One man couldn't get a job as a lifeguard simply because he was 89. Another was refused a 3-year apartment lease solely on the grounds he was 107. Worst of all, a 92 year old man recently married a teenage girl. When warned by friends that such a relationship might bring about death he replied, "So if she dies, I'll get another wife."

EVERYBODY ELSE BURNING THEIR IDENTIFICATION CARDS



A protest against the rising tide of conformity that has swept over America. Today everybody thinks alike, acts alike, and even looks alike. One fellow out in Scarsdale recently came home one night from the office, was greeted at the door with a wifely kiss, had supper served him, tucked the two children into bed, watched TV, then went off to bed. Sounds completely conventional, doesn't it? Only it wasn't—he was in the **wrong house!**

PUBLISHERS BURNING THEIR MAGAZINE ARTICLES



A huge protest against the publishing of articles such as this one. This protest would be waged against everybody connected with the material—from the writer and artist to the printer and distributor. No one will be held blameless. Not like the publisher of *SICK* who recently copped a plea, "How did I know what was going on? I was only following **orders!**"

THE BATTLE OF

SICK REPORTERS AT THE WORLD'S HOT SPOTS--

Bill Majeski in New York

SHOW BUSINESS

The new song hits for the teenager's top 10 include some real zingers this issue. My particular favorites are:

"If Someone Steals Your Security Blanket, Don't Come Crawling Home To Me."

"If You Ever Leave Me, My Love, I'll Miss You Like a Cockeyed Tattoo Artist Misses a Midget's Navel."

SCIENCE

They've developed a new anti-depressant drug but they haven't got the bugs out yet. It still has bad side effects—like death.

WOMEN

Meter maids are running into a lot of trouble in New York City. One maid gave a ticket to a guy who hauled off and belted her as a crowd cheered. He was so angry he almost tore her up and shoved her under his windshield wiper. He then belted her again, knocked her glasses to the sidewalk and a cop came along to give her a ticket for litterbugging.

QUESTIONS

How come all these movies marked "for adults only" are all about teen-agers?

When people call a wrong number on your phone why do they get angry and hang up. After all, you were the one who kicked the dog racing to the phone.

If you walk away from a homely girl on the street will you get picked up for leaving the scene of an accident?

I don't know what's wrong with this younger generation. The kids are never home. They're always out running around. And do you know why? Because they're trying to find out where their parents went to, that's why.

THE BIG GLOBE

International relations seem to take a turn for the better when Premier Kosygin visited LBJ in Glassboro, New Jersey. The town was so happy for the visit that they gave the village idiot the day off.

During his stay, Kosygin visited Niagara Falls at the same time LBJ picked up his new grandson for the first time. Both men got equally soaked.

The war to end all wars was being fought in the Middle East. An Arab officer, Mogub Burnoose, suffered a severe casualty...he got hoof-and-mouth disease. A camel kicked him in the jaw.

One Arab from Brooklyn wanted to go over and help the Syrian Army—but he couldn't speak Russian.

Paul Laikin in Israel

The affluent Israel society may best be described by the following story. A Tel Aviv merchant was showing a guest around his new home. "I have three swimming pools," he boasted. One with warm water, for friends who don't like it cold. Also one with cold water for friends who don't like it warm. And I got that pool over there too." The guest was puzzled. "But there's no water in that pool," he said, "it's empty." The merchant replied, "I got friends who **don't** swim!"



THE GAGSTERS

NEW YORK, THE MID-EAST AND ANTWERP, OHIO-

LATEST REPORT: Israeli doctors have just come out with a powerful new medicine that is guaranteed to cure whatever ails you. It's chicken soup that contains penicillin.

RIDDLE: How do you tell the difference between an Israeli tank and an Egyptian tank? Answer: The Egyptian tank is moving backwards.

Two Israeli soldiers were talking just before the war started. One said, "I feel terrible. I have trouble breathing. I got pains in my chest and my heart is throbbing." The other said, "You should worry — as long as you got your health!"

Contrary to popular belief, Israel

did not win the war alone. They had help. Not from Britain or the U.S. From the Arabs.

Another story circulating Cairo is that Nasser consulted a psychiatrist recently, and began pouring out his problems. "I'm responsible for the deaths of thousands," he wailed. "Because of my mad thirst for power, I started wars in which many of my own countrymen were killed. I alone am responsible for all the hatred, misery and violence," he concluded. Whereupon the psychiatrist looked at him, shrugged his shoulders and said, "I know. I know. But you don't have to feel guilty about it!"

Only one more payment to go with the "Friendly Loan Company."

Lynn Lichty in Ohio

About three weeks ago it was "**Hire a veterans week**"—I tried to get Eisenhower to mow my lawn, but he was busy that week, so I forgot the whole thing.

A nagging wife doll—you wind it up, and it gets you wound up. My cousin recently pole vaulted 12 feet. Unfortunately the high school gym only had an 11 ft. ceiling.

I see where **dog food** is packed under the continuous inspection of the U.S. Department of Agriculture—I guess they're afraid if they don't watch them, someone is going to put horse meat in it. Things could be worse—imagine if **Heaven** was run by the Government.

I have a buddy who is so stupid that he thinks **Kalamazoo** is a new form of Japanese self-defense. I heard the other day that Hitler's alive and writing a new book about his tubercular condition... he calls it "**Mein Koff**."



Airline officials are wondering if people really want to fly faster than the speed of sound... apparently they haven't heard the latest rock and roll music.

I heard them talking the other day on TV about **Red Man Chew**... for awhile I thought it was a new Communist leader.

Practically everybody goes on strike nowadays (we're planning one ourselves!) and it gets mighty confusing. To help the public understand just who is on what picket line, SICK has the following suggestion:

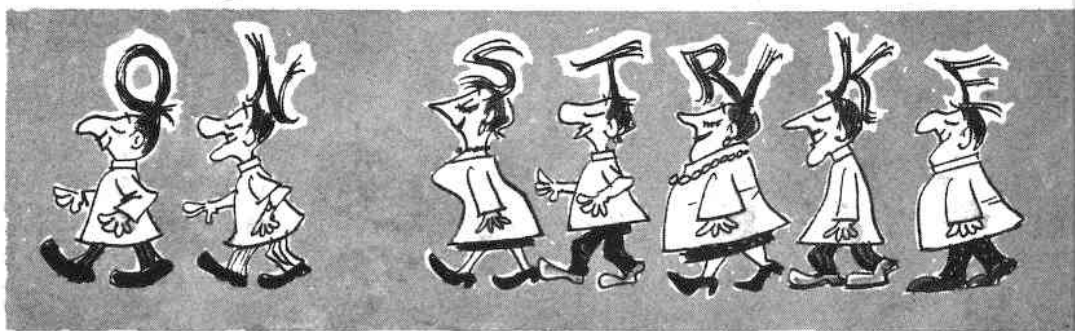
MORE DISTINCTIVE STRIKES

by B. Wiseman

BUNNIES



UNDERTAKERS



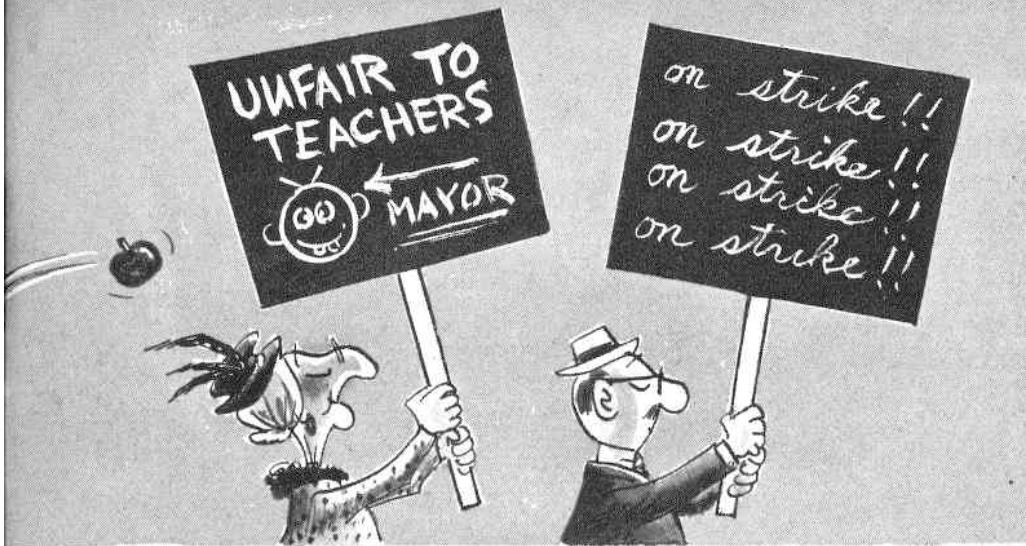
FIREMEN



HAIR-DRESSERS



BAKERS



SCHOOL TEACHERS



WELFARE WORKERS

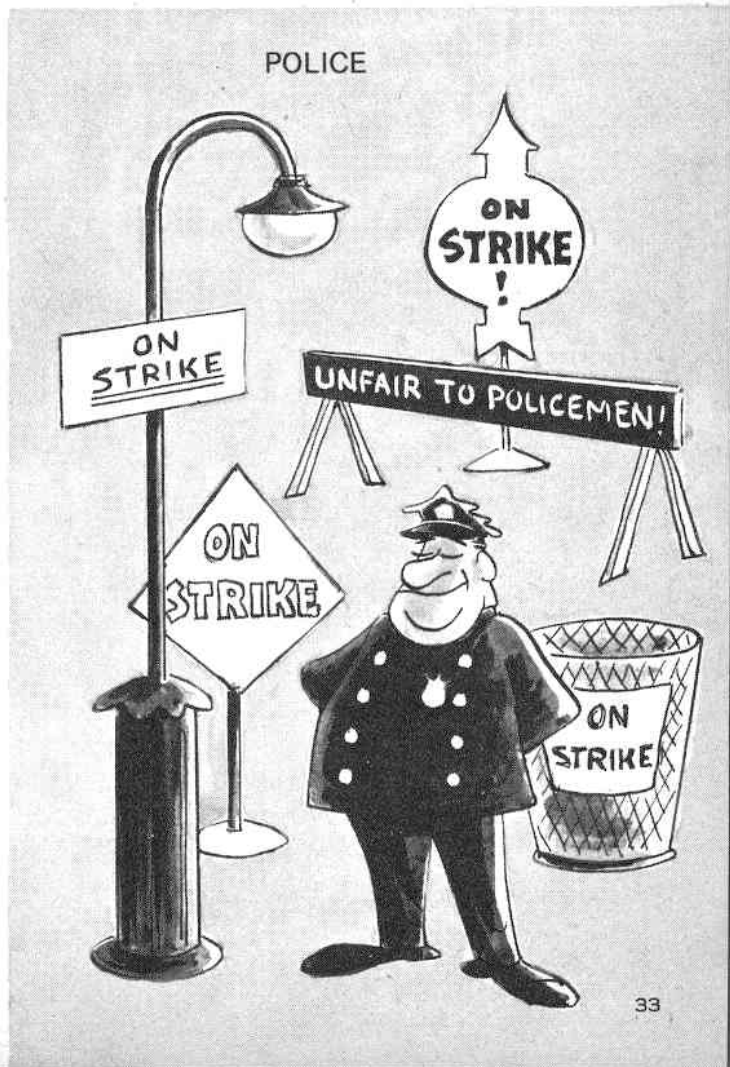


SANITATION (GARBAGE) MEN



MAGICIANS

SAIL-MAKERS



POLICE

DENTISTS



MERCHANT MARINE



BUTCHERS



DETECTIVES



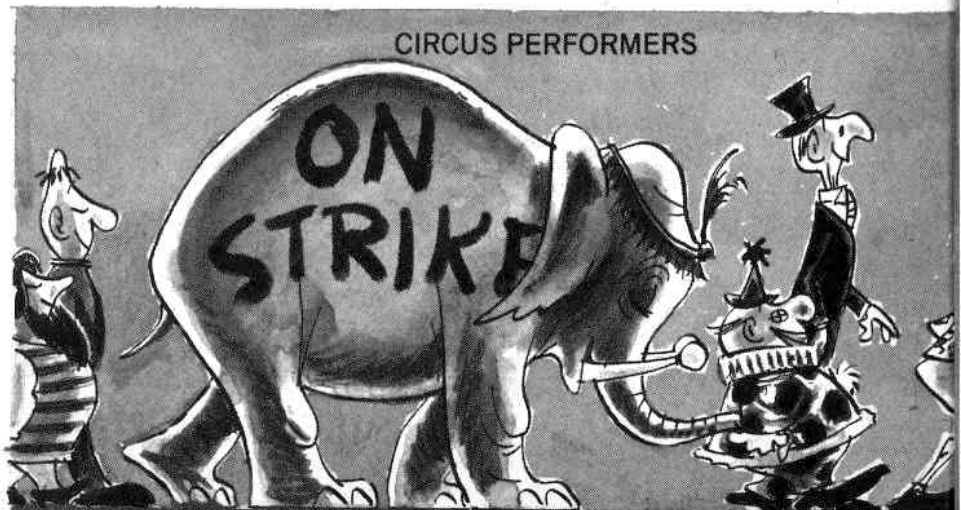
BOW-TIE MAKERS



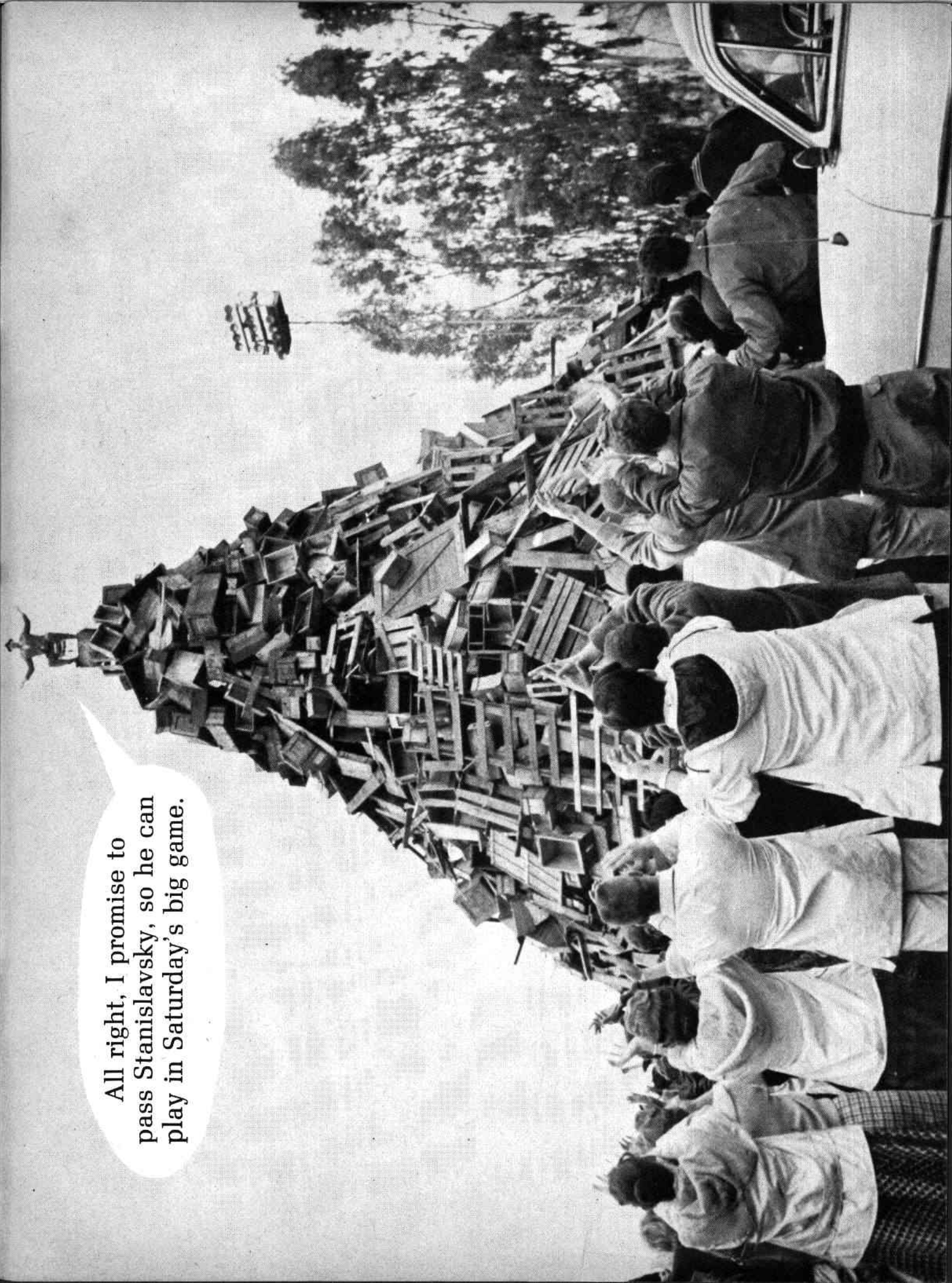
INTERIOR DECORATORS



CIRCUS PERFORMERS

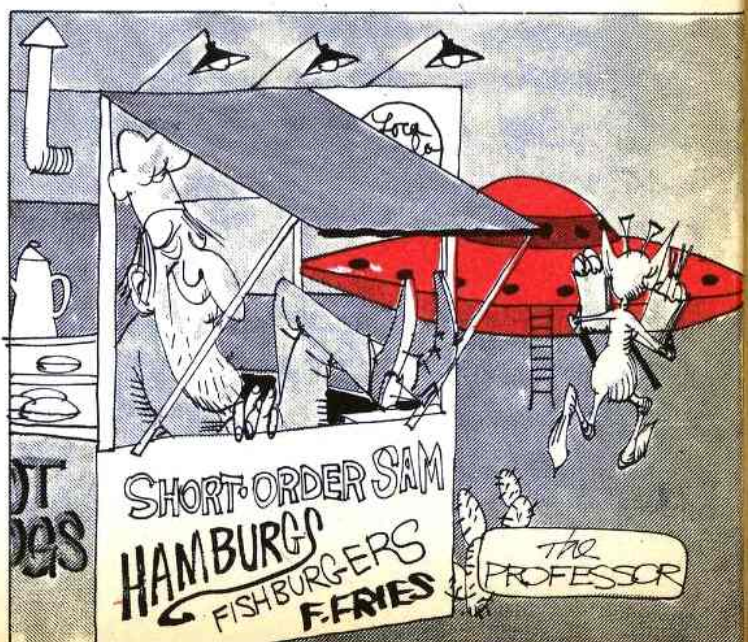
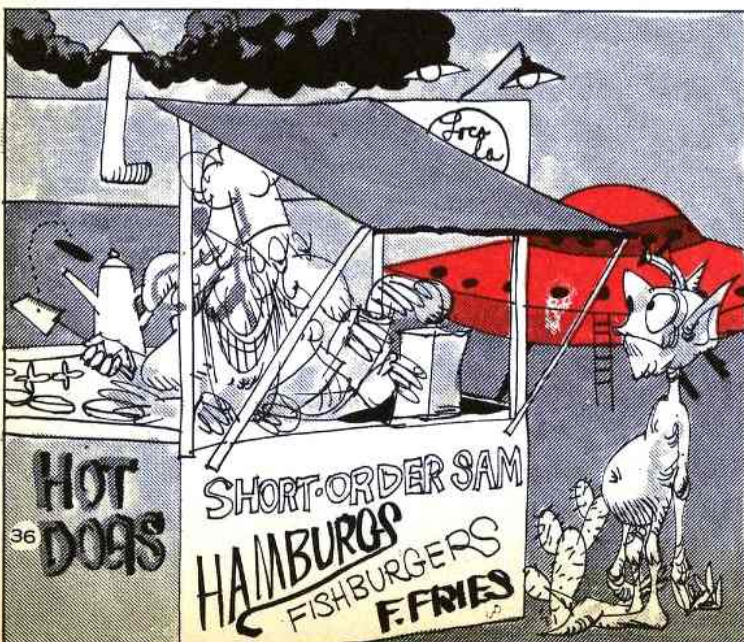
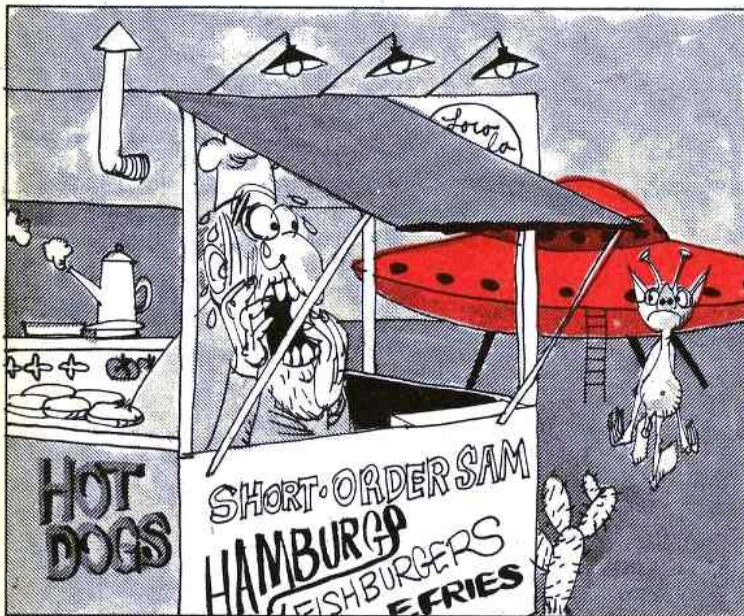
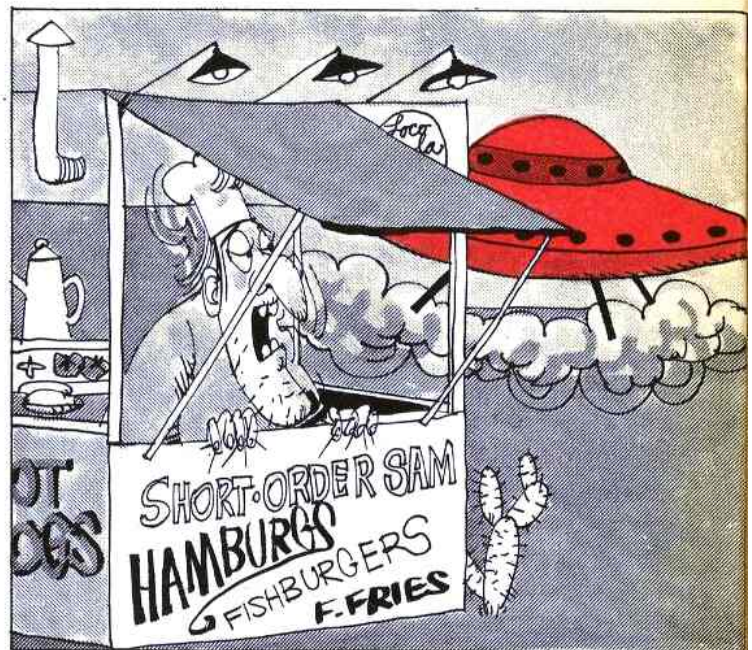
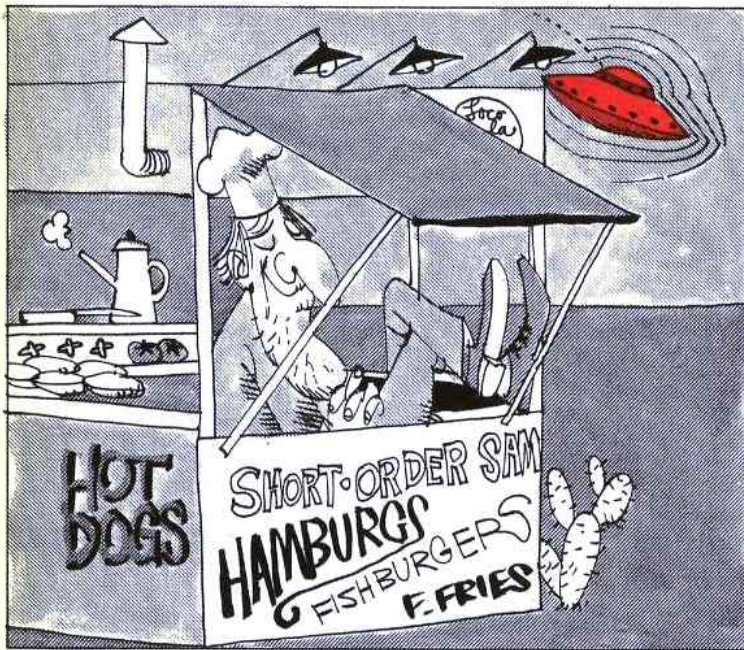


All right, I promise to
pass Stanislavsky, so he can
play in Saturday's big game.



The Invaders

by The Professor



TIPS for T.V.

by B. Wiseman

The television industry has been criticized, and with some justification, for the tired, boring shows that are polluting the airwaves. Therefore, SICK, whose tired, boring features are polluting the magazine field, offers these tips to the T.V. industry —



To increase suspense on **The Dating Game**, we suggest a choice between two clever ugly ones, and one stupid handsome fellow. Sadists, particularly, would get a bang out of watching the girl's face when she chooses a beast!

Since Alan Burke calls his T.V. studio his living room, shouldn't he have his family with him?



The **Honeymooners** have been on so long shouldn't they start calling it the **OLD MARRIEDS**?

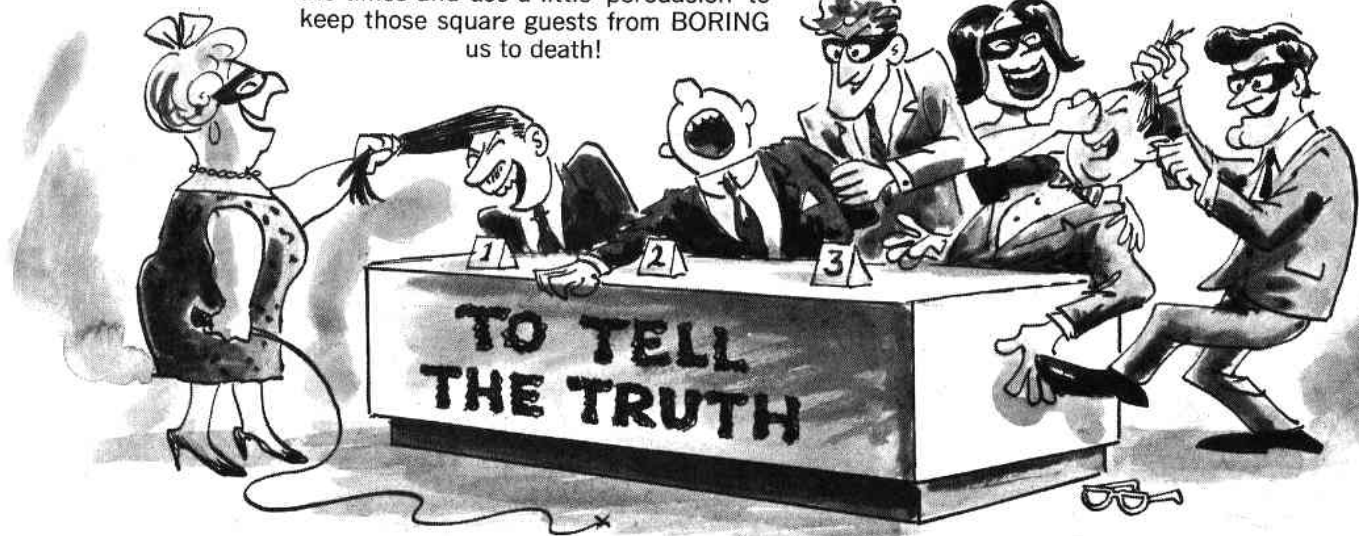


Most viewers watch the **Tonight Show** from beds, so why doesn't Carson do his show from one? With all his pretty girl guests, this should make lively viewing!

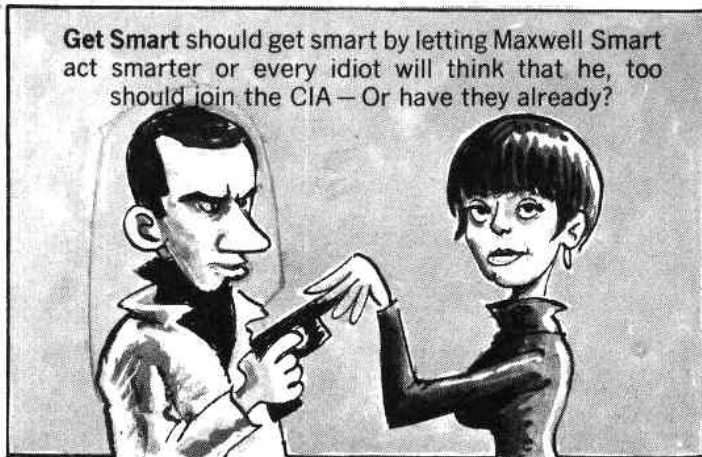
On **I Spy**, they're always talking about being such great tennis players—So why don't they stop boasting and play a couple of games???



To Tell The Truth should get in tune with the times and use a little 'persuasion' to keep those square guests from BORING us to death!



Get Smart should get smart by letting Maxwell Smart act smarter or every idiot will think that he, too should join the CIA — Or have they already?

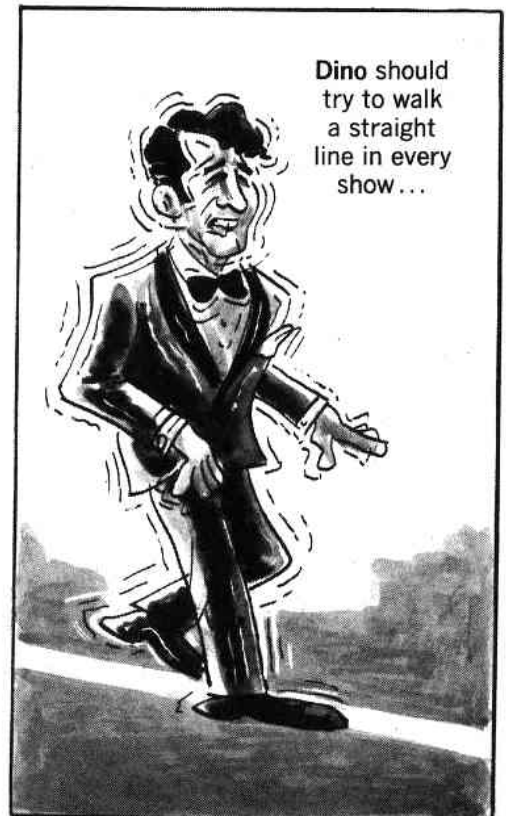


That poor, cockeyed lion in Daktari should get a pair of glasses!

The Smothers Brothers should get some chicks on their show — Everybody likes chicks (except chicks!) Then they could call the show: Smothers Brothers and others...

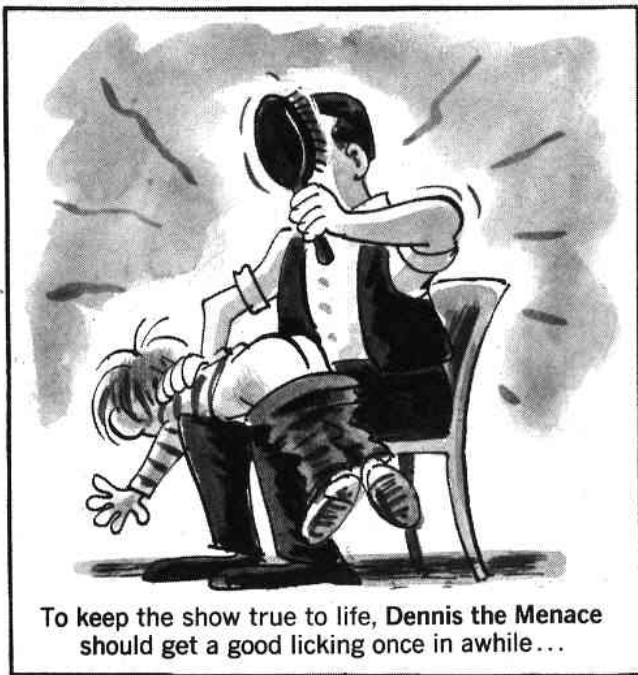


Dino should try to walk a straight line in every show...



BEST OF BROADWAY

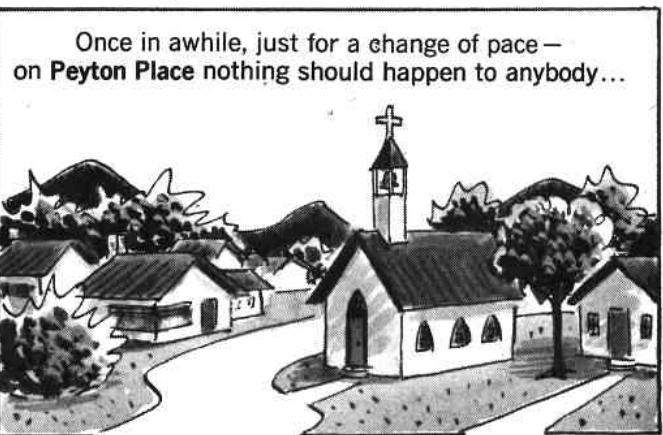
A very bad title which they should change unless they really show the best of Broadway. Or even second best...



Girl Talk should get some **GIRLS** on it instead of all those old biddies!



Since it's on so late, why don't they put out some of those lights???



Sermonette should give the best advice of all at that ugly hour — **GO TO SLEEP!**



MGM PRESS RELEASE

Hardly a day goes by when the movie industry's publicity departments do not bombard newspapers and magazines with press releases ballyhooing their products—namely upcoming motion pictures and stars. The one that we are waiting for is the announcement of the movie that will inevitably be made on the leader of the Great Society. It will go something like this...

THE LYNDON B. JOHNSON STORY



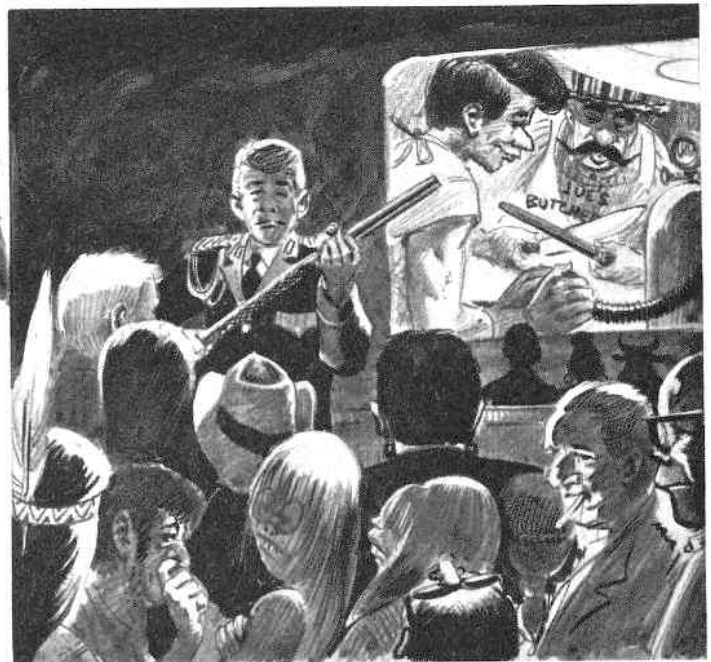
After three years of filming, MGM has completed 97% of the action sequences for "The Lyndon B. Johnson Story," (using stunt-men and hell-drivers), and now stands ready to cast the title role. Under consideration are John Wayne, Ed Begley, and Walter Brennan.

Script by Bob Heit Art by Bob Powell



Governor Rockefeller, Governor Scranton, Governor Romney, and Mayor Lindsay will be played by Jimmy Stewart.

The role of Dwight D. Eisenhower will be performed by special guest star Everett Dirksen, and the role of Everett Dirksen by special guest star Dwight D. Eisenhower.



The movie will cover the period from Johnson's childhood in Texas to his childhood in the White House. It will include the high spots of his administration: the wars on poverty, billboards, Viet Nam, and pollution.

For added excitement and authenticity, Johnson's very own words will be dubbed in his very own voice, thereby taking the responsibility for them off the shoulders of the screen-writers.



Vice-President Hubert Humphrey will be portrayed by Buddy Hackett, while the role of Barry Goldwater will go to Steve McQueen.

Robert Kennedy will be played by Donald O'Connor, although the musical sequences will be dubbed by Rody McDowell.

In deference to our Arabian allies, the role of UN Representative Arthur Goldberg will be portrayed by Omar Sharif.



Members of Johnson's brain-trust will include Sam Jaffee, Sal Mineo, David Susskind, and Bennett Cerf.

Heads of the steel industry will be performed by Orson Welles.

The role of Bobby Baker, life-long friend and spiritual advisor, has gone to Michael Dunn.



The role of Ladybird Johnson has been assigned to Greer Garson, and the part of Lucy Baines Johnson to Annette Funicello.

Out of respect for the President no one will be seated during the gall-stone removal.



The screen-play has been a cooperative effort. Portions have been contributed by Dale Carnegie and Soupy Sales. The earthier passages were written by Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

The background music, "The Ballad of Lyndon B.," will be sung by a chorus of Ethel Merman.

In deference to the C.I.A., the MGM lion will be shown fast asleep.

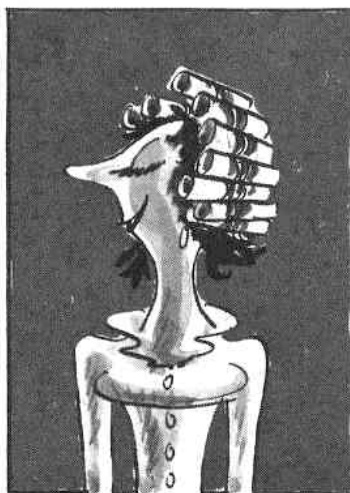
This is a violent age and SICK is worried sick about all the poor females who don't know karate and judo. To keep these girls and women safe (we need every single reader!) SICK offers some fool-proof self defense tips. Not one of them works, but they'll make the ladies realize they'd better get out and study the real thing!

SELF DEFENSE FOR GIRLS

by B. Wiseman



Wear slacks! Most females look so bad in them, attackers will lose interest...



Always wear curlers— They make girls UGLY! And molesters want only pretty chicks...

If you have terrible legs, wear mini-skirts and ADVERTISE them!



Don't go on a diet—Eat like two pigs! Men stay away from pigs.



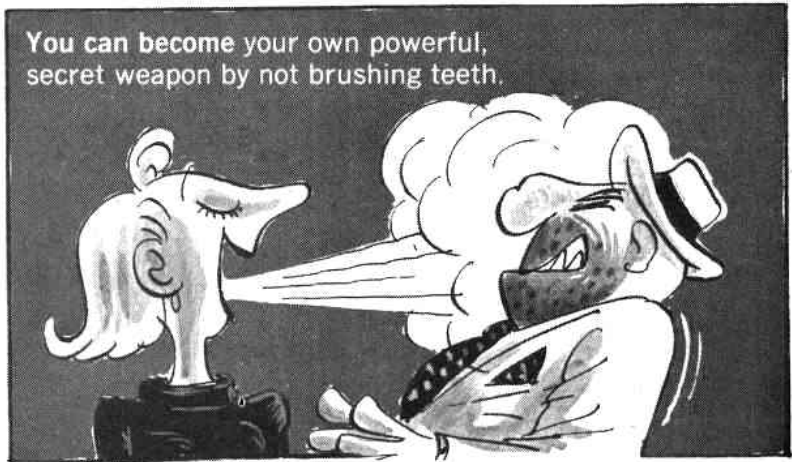
Don't bathe—EVER!



Don't wash your face! Dirty men avoid dirty girls...



Expose yourself to drafts (mini-skirts would help) and catch cold. A swollen red nose will keep any would-be romeo at a distance—!



You can become your own powerful, secret weapon by not brushing teeth.



Give up cigarettes and CHEW TOBACCO!



Use those stockings that make your legs look like snake-skin! It'll make molesters sick to their stomachs!



Watch the Late and Late-Late Shows. Stay up late and your eyes will get red and real ugly!! Don't forget: men LOVE pretty eyes!



And the final SICK tip is: JOIN THE TRACK TEAM AND LEARN HOW TO RUN!





AUSTRALIAN: I am an Australian boy who is sick of Australian girls, as they are arrogant, jealous, greedy, etc. I would like to correspond with an American girl who is crazy about the surf, around 16, straight blonde hair, and pretty. I am 16, 5'7", have blond, sun-bleached hair, love surfing on bellyboards and all other sports. Would like to learn about America. Ian McKane, 24 Gilgandra Road, North Bondi, Sydney, Australia.

WANTED: Sexy girl for penpal. Cute, long hair, 13-15 and very curvy. I am 5'9", 15 years old, brown hair (long) with brown eyes. Must like gas-powered vehicle. Will answer all. Carl Smolinski, 10044 Bensley Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60617. Send picture too!

I would like to have some "femail." I enjoy all "in" things. I am presently in the navy but will be out soon. I am 19 years old and am dying to be loved (someday). I've been known to travel to far-off places to meet nice girls. 17 or older please. Joe L. Gilbert, 3210 S. Winston, Apt. 36, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74135.

ATTENTION: Cute females wanted from everywhere. I'm a 13 year old swinger who has a thing for girls who like to sing. I like skiing, bowling, almost all types of sports, and girl-watching. My description: 5'5" of pure American boy, brown hair, and blue eyes. All letters will be answered. Please enclose a photograph of your lovely little face. Michael Baldwin, 867 Upper Mountain Road, Lewiston, New York.

WANTED: Girl age 13. Must have nice personality and be good looking. My description is age 13, 5'8", weight 135, black hair, brown eyes. I like the Four Tops and Jimmy Ruffin—I like dancing too. Michael Kanalas, 1111 Schubert, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

WANTED: Boys who are between 17-21 to write to me. I am 5'2", have blonde hair, and blue eyes. I have this thing about motorcycles, parachute diving, swimming, and tennis. I am really nice once you get to know me—kind of cute too. My hobby is just being out-of-doors. I will very promptly answer all letters. Write to Misty Ann Lanes, P.O. Box 1312, Taft, Cal. 93268.

I'd like to inform any cute but lonely guy on this old world to write me. Gotta be between 15-18 years. I will answer all letters. Ginny Elliott, 320-1 Doniphan Drive, Fort Leavenworth, Texas.

Hi, Guys. I'm a 16 year old girl with long, straight, blonde hair, blue eyes, and stand 5' tall. I got a big craze for pro-football, hippy guys—preferably 17 and up with super long hair; cute sailors, marines, army guys, national guardsmen, airmen, and all the rest. So if you fall into one of the categories, drop me a line. I promise to write all and send a pic if you send me one. Now you all write, ya hear? I'm waiting! Mary Feller, 1130-Fourth Ave., Antigo, Wisconsin 54409.

Female, age 15, 5'6", brown hair and brown eyes, would love to have male penpals anywhere in the world. (Especially from Viet Nam and Central America.) Marie Ann Frigault, City Rt. No. 1, Monticello, Ark. 71655.

Dear penpals wanted: I'm a 5'4", blonde haired, blue-eyed female looking for a cute male penpal. I am 13 and a Freshman in Jr. High. I like to go places and have fun. So, if you're my kind of guy, WRITE ME! Sandy Rhyne, P.O. Box 231, Artesia, New Mexico 88210.

"I NEED YOU FOR A PENPAL" (preferably a boy). Your age 17-19. My age 17. Your hair: it's your hair, do what you want to it. Your height, 5'7". My height, 5'4". Your eyes: as long as you can see through them. My eyes: blue. Write to: Miss Judy Anne Newton, c/o 3 Lind Ave., Parden City, Port Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

I write you today because I want penpals, girls or boys, from the United States or anywhere. I will answer all. I am 20 years old, French but I live in Geneva, Switzerland. I will return all letters from

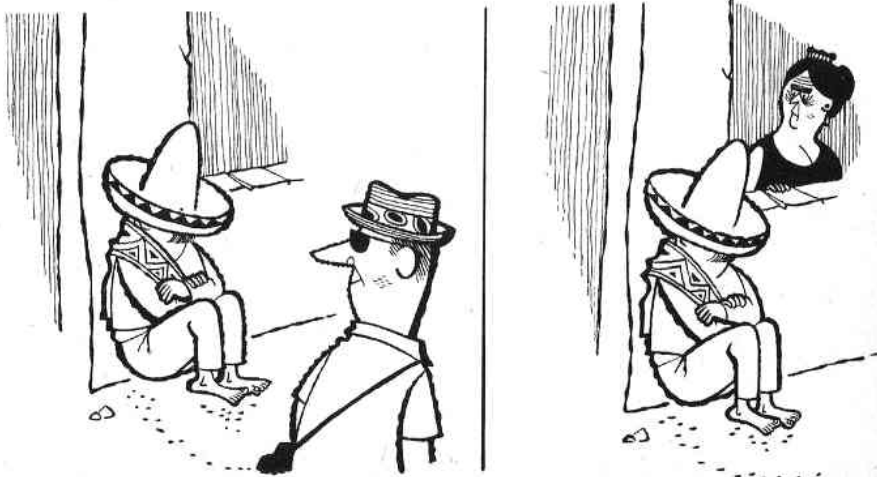
girls between the ages of 14 to 30 years. O.K.? Mr. Michael Brillet, De Deker, Bd. Helvetique-6-1200, Geneva, Switzerland.

Girls Wanted: I'm 6', have hazel eyes, blond hair, and love girls with blonde hair, and curvy figures. I love all sports, rock n' roll, and motorcycles. I like the Rolling Stones, Herman Hermits, and others. Please write and send your picture. Dean Avery, 32553 Tulip Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46227.

Wanted: Dead or alive, Pen Pals from anywhere preferably Europe. (As long as you speak English) I enjoy writing long short stories. I play guitar and the transistor radio. I have long dark blonde hair, green eyes and I am about 5'3" tall. My weight is 106. Be around 13 or 14 years old. Rick Gottschalk, 5624 W. Park Ave., Cicero, Ill. 60650.

I am 16, 5'3", have green eyes, and brown hair. I would like any kind of pen pal. Girl or boy. Must dig The Monkees, motorcycles, music of any kind except the long hair kind, and have a good sense of humor. Also must like to read Sick. June Chanler, Box 167, Wedron, Illinois 60557.

Attention Girls!!! If you're tired of leading a dull, monotonous, same-old-thing-everyday type of life; climb out of that rut you're in and rejoice, your prayers have been answered! I'm here! All girls (preferably between the ages of 17 and 20) will receive absolutely free (if they send a letter and/or a picture) a picture and a letter. So, if you're interested in writing to a guy 20 years old, 5'8", with medium brown



Next Issue: PEN PAL PHOTOS

hair, dark-brown eyes, and who is in basic training for the Army, write to Mike Huff, 8029 Harrison Drive, Lawrence, Indiana 46226.

If you're a good looking girl of 13, 14 or 15 then you're in luck because I want you to be my pen pal. No special color hair or eyes you just have to be good looking. I'm 15 years old, 5'9", I weigh 145 pounds, and I have brown hair and eyes. My hobbies are drawing, and writing. I also enjoy girl watching. Send to: Dan Lafleur, 465 North Main St., Bristol, Conn.

Pen Pals Wanted: Preferably girls. Will answer all letters. I have fairly long dark brown hair and hazel eyes. I like almost anybody that's cute. Preferred age 13-15. Please send picture (if possible). I like pop music, playing guitar with my group (band, that is, son). Also like anything that's funny. (Please) write to: Tim Miller, Box 87, Shepherd, Michigan 48883.

I am a psyched-out guy that would really appreciate a groovy bird to write to. I am on the naked edge of 13 and have medium-length blond hair and am of medium height. A girl once said that I am cute and have sad eyes (I agree). I like: (in this order) girls, Blues Magoos, Paul R. & Raiders, Electric Prunes, mod and otherwise gear clothes, pizza, 007, McCoys, Six Flags, cogs, funfunfunfunfun (etcetc...) If you do write, make sure of two things. (1) Make sure that you are a girl. (This info can be obtained by asking an expert.) (2) Send a pic as I would like to make sure for myself. Please write as I would like to correspond with you. Write to: Joe Williams, 402 Hogle Street, Weatherford, Texas. 76086. P.S. **HURRY!!!**

A sweet 17 year old chick most desperately would like to write to a muscular and groovy American boy (age 19-21). From 5'9", dark hair if possible. Please send picture. My description: long blonde hair, blue eyes, 5'5", 114 lbs. Likes: dancing, pop music, The Supremes, Monkees, Ti-



juana Brass, The Seekers. Most drastically hates annoying, childish boys (especially Rockers) and onions. Address: Carol Hapwood 41 Glenholm Street, Mitchelton, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

I would like to write to luscious sexy Sick babes over the age of 16. Any interests good or bad. Please send photo. Write to: Gerard Maisel, PO Box 3737, Cape Town, South Africa.

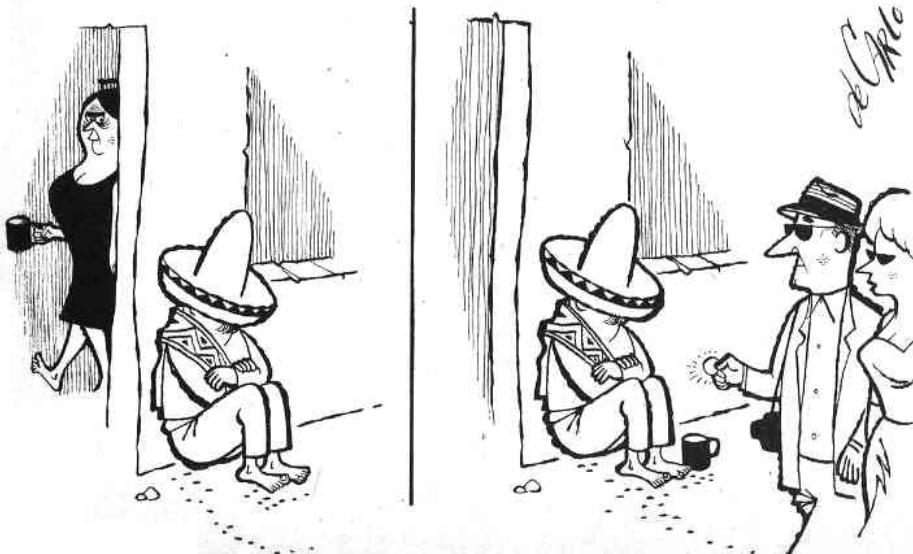
Lookin' for a hip-type 14-15 year old male or female pen pal. I dig on music, the ocean, non-conformism, people, the Beatles, hot cars, rails, cycles, and all girls. If you wanta correspond with a happenin' person, write to me, I love everyone. Gregory "Hippie" Hughes, 2732 Broadway, Huntington Park, Cal. 90255.

Girl pen pal wanted. Age 16-19, preferably cute. Please send a picture. About me: Dark brown eyes and hair, 18 years old. 6' and 195 lbs. Kind of long hair. Likes:

TEENAGERS—Are you interested in putting your tape recorder to good use by talking with other American and English teenagers instead of writing? Even if you aren't, write for info. on how to get tape (not pen) pals: Great Lakes Tape Club, 13346 Sherwood, Huntington Woods, Mich. 48070.

Wanted—correction—Needed desperately friends of any kind. Qualifications: must be alive and insane (same difference). I'm not too bright, but then anyone reading this magazine can't be either. I like camp directors, dirty stories, sugarless grape juice, Ludlow, and Perkinsville Vermont. I also like rainstorms. I dislike jeans, Volkswagens, ice, and the Simon Sisters. I don't like people very well, but I collect stamps, so please write. I am twenty but I act thirteen. Randa (I'm a girl) McNamara, 72 Deleware Avenue, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Wanted: Pen friends from everywhere. Will answer all letters I receive. 1. Must be boy or girl—no things (I find they are much too difficult to correspond with). 2. Must be between 15-25. 3. Must have all of height, weight, and hair! 4. Must be willing to be faithful company to a lonesome 16 year old girl. 5. Must love to write letters as much as I do. My name is Lois (Tammy) Walch. I am a sophomore. I support our part in Vietnam. I will write to all, including lonely service men. My address is: 134 South Second Avenue, Mechanicville, New York 12118.



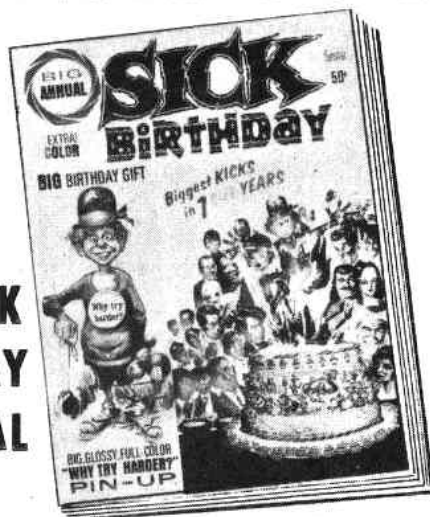
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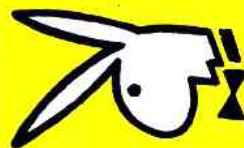
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